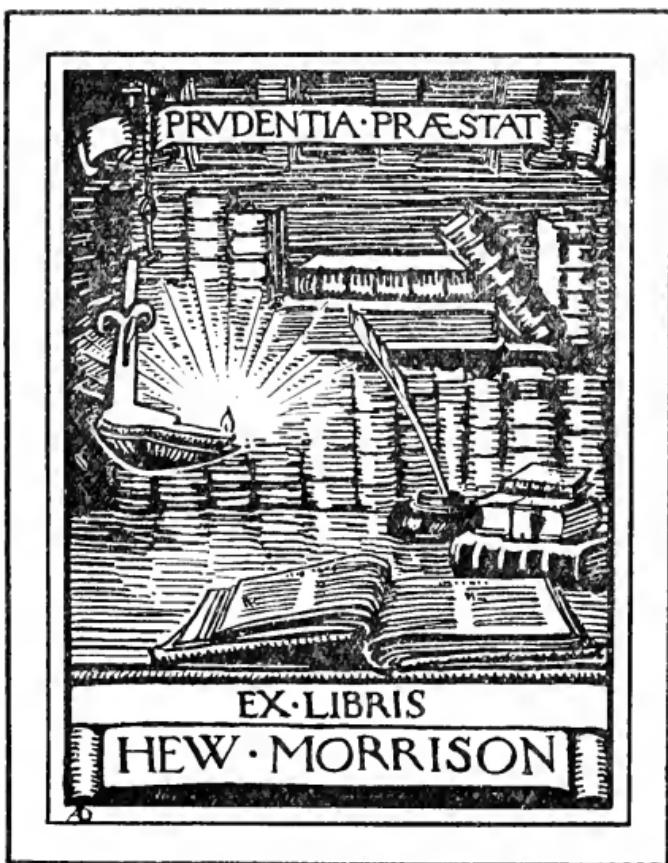
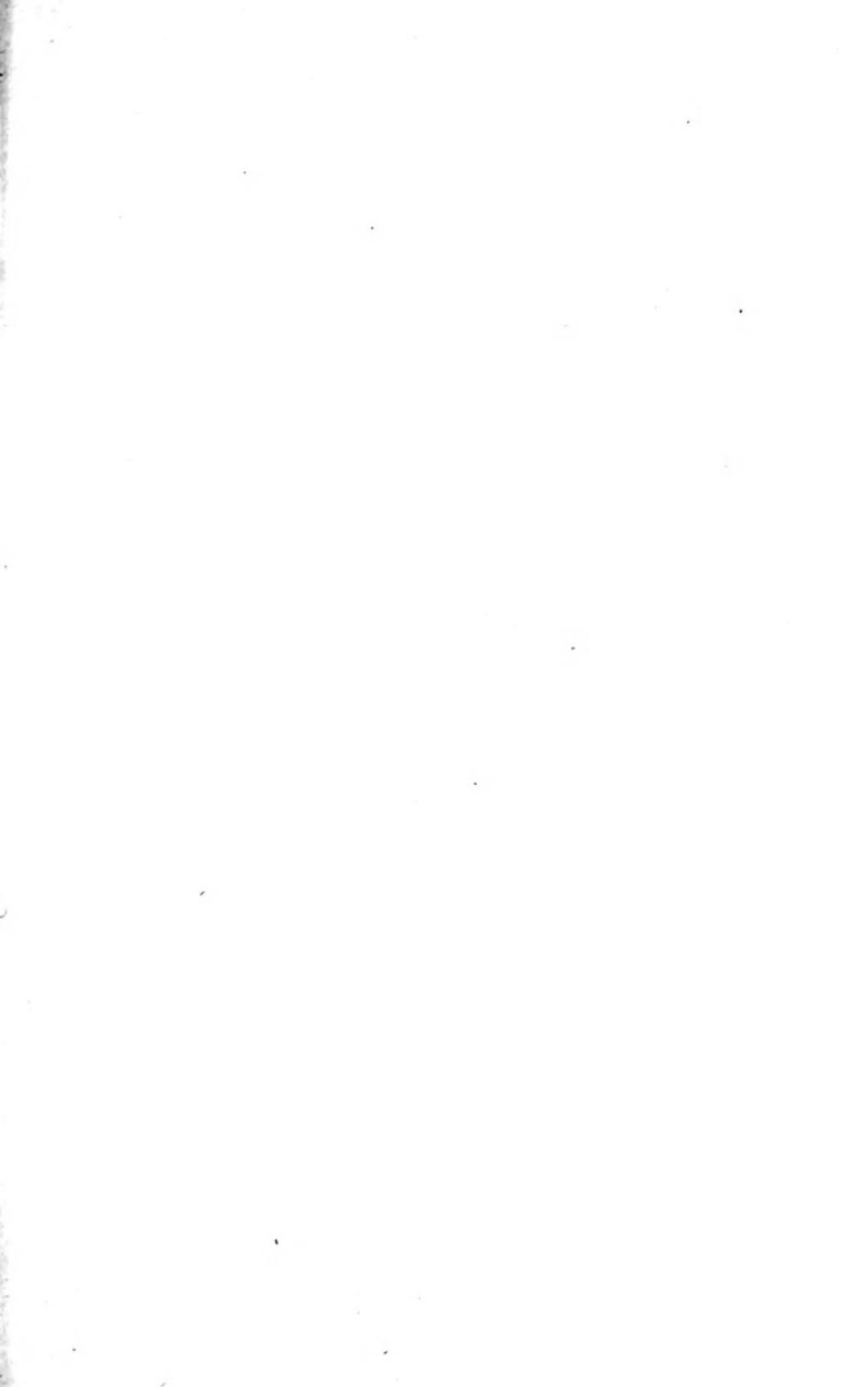


H.M. 98.

Sept. 1831.









Yours very sincerely
Ewan MacToll
in his 75th year.

CLARSACH NAM BEANN.

LE

EOBHAN MAC COLLA.

AN TREAS CLO-BHUALADH,
MEUDAICHTE AGUS ATH-LEASAICHTE



G L A S G O W :
ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, 62 ARGYLE STREET.
EDINBURGH: MACLACHLAN & STEWART.

G L A S G O W :
ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER,
62 ARGYLE STREET.



LE A CHEAD SONRAICHT& FEIN,
THA AN LEABHAR SO AIR A CHUR A MACH FO THEARMUNN
IAIN STUART BLACKIE,
AN DIULANACH URRAMACII SIN DO 'M BUIN MOR-CHILIU
AGUS GRADII BHO GACH GAIDHEAL A THA
AIR AGHAIDII AN T-SAOGHAIL.



A N C L A R - I N N S I D H.

	Taobh- duilleag.
Biographical Sketch, -	1
Loch-Duich, -	19
Bàs Màiri, -	22
Beannachd dheireannach an Eilthirich, -	23
Am Buachaille slaodach, -	26
Moladh Abhainn Ruaile, -	27
Piobaireachd Mhic-a'-Phearsain, -	30
Mnathan an Tombac, -	33
Coilich-Dhùnain Loch-Ruaile -	34
An Uiseag, -	36
Mo Roghainn-sa, -	37
Loch-Aic, -	38
Gleann-Urchadain, -	41
Am Foghannan, -	42
Rannan-cumhaidh, -	43
An t-Eilthireach Sgiathanach 'an tir chéin, -	45
Laoich-taobh-na-griosaich, -	46
Buaidh leis an fhéile phreasach, -	48
An Lon-dubh, -	49
Teisteanas Chlhidain, -	50
Oran-molaidh air Comunn Gàidhealach Baile Thoronto, -	51
Clach ann an càrn Phàdrug, -	53
An Ceannaiche Eucorach, -	55

An Ròs,	56
Goid Bhean-na-bainnse,	56
Crònан-cadail leanabh bean a' chibeir,	58
Guileag bean òg an t-seann-duine,	59
Gillean glùn-gheal nam Breacan,	61
A' measg nan Marbh,	62
Mnathan an tì,	64
Fàilte Calluine,	65
Brosnachadh-catha Bhruis aig Allt-a'-Bhonnaich,	67
Cuireadh Gàidhealach,	68
Rannan gu Cailean Siosal,	69
Màiri Chreag-a'-Gharaidh,	70
Rann-Nollaige,	72

O R A I N G H A O I L .

Mali Bhòidheach,	75
Oighrig bhòidheach Achacurrach,	76
Anna Aorach,	77
Mairearad,	79
Blath bòidheach Shron-an-t-Sithein,	80
Nighean donn nan mala erom,	82
O, có nach moladh Màiri,	83
Ròsan an Leth-Bhaile,	85
Sòbhrag a' Ghleannain,	87
Mo chaileag chiùin, bhòidheach,	89
Eilidh òg Dhruim-Fhearna,	89
Sine bhòidheach nan gruaidhean ròsach,	91
O till, a leannain, O till ! O till !	92
Cuachag Choire-n-t-sith,	93
An te ud 's eion-falaich dhomh,	94
Mo rùn air a' chaileag a's loinneile sùil,	96
Eilidh bhàn Choire-Chnaimh,	97
Gaoil mo chridhe, Sine òg,	98
Mo rùn geal, bòidheach,	99
Mòrag Blraighe'-Bhealaich,	100
Iseabal, an tig thu 'n Ghaeltachd,	101
Comunn caoin nan òighean,	103

O, gu bhi 'n sud thall le Anna,	104
Cronan-caidil,	105
A' chaileag Chòmhlich,	107
Tuireadh leannan an Eilthirich òig,	108
Esan 'g a freagairt,	109
Iseabal,	111
Slinn bhòidheach Ceann-Gharraidh,	113
Rùn mo chlóibh an cíteag shuairec,	115
Eilidh Ghlinn-Daruail,	117
An t-Eilthireach òg 'sa leannan,	119
Taobh Abhainn Aora,	121
Sine bhòidheach òg na Reilig,	122
Coma 'bhliadhna' ùr oirne bhi dlùth,	124
Anna ghaolach Ghlinn-crò,	126
Gaoil gun dòchas,	128
Ceit rùnach Ionar-Feòrain,	130
Mo chaileag Shuaineartach,	132
Tuireadh Dhòmhnuill Cibeir,	134
A' bhean ud 'rinn mo leònadh,	136
M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn,	137
Cha chall na gheibh caraid,	139
Ged tha 'Bhealltuinn so snuadhunhor,	141
Bi 'falbh, bi 'falbh ort, a gheamhraidh ghruamaich,	143
O, seinnibh, 'illean, seinnibh leam,	145
Mali bhoidheach mhiog-shuileach,	146
Naigheachd gun iarrайдh,	147
'S e 'n leon an gaol,	149





BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.*

—:o:—

EVAN MACCOLL was born on the 21st September, 1808, at Kenmore, Lochfyne-side—a farm situated on the banks of that famous Loch, about five miles west from Inveraray, Argyllshire, and at the time in the joint occupation of several tenants, the poet's father, Dugald MacColl, being one of them. The Bard, who was the youngest but one of a family of six sons and two daughters, was fortunate enough in having for his father one who, in addition to many other excellent qualities, was famed far and near for the richest store of Celtic song of any man living in his part of the country. His home became, in consequence, the common resort of those in the district who delighted in such things; and long and frequent were the winter *ceilidhs* at his house to listen to him singing Gaelic song after song—especially the Jacobite lays of such favourite minstrels as *Mairi nighean Alastair Ruaidh*, Alexander Macdonald, and Duncan Bàn Macintyre, every line of whose composition he could repeat from memory, and in a manner well calculated to attract and captivate the rustic audience congregated round his hospitable fireside. He had a keen and genuine appreciation of the beautiful and the grand in the natural scenery which adorned his native land, and it was charming to hear the bard relating his recollections of how,

*Written for the *Celtic Magazine* by its editor, Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A., Scot., Inverness, Scotland.

when a mere boy, his father had made him familiar with the best positions in the neighbourhood of his home from which to view to advantage any scene of more than ordinary attraction—a circumstance which, no doubt, tended to implant in the mind of the future poet that love of Nature which afterwards found such mellifluous expression in his “Address to Loch Lomond;” his “Sonnets descriptive of Lochawe,” his “Loch-Duich,” and many more of his most beautiful and best descriptive poems.

Dugald MacColl, possessed of a manly presence, fine personal appearance and great natural intelligence, was received among, and lived in close terms of intimacy with, men who moved in a sphere of social life far above his own, and was in consequence able to procure the use of books, otherwise inaccessible, for his children ; for parish libraries in those days were things undreamt of. Nothing delighted him more than to see the patriot flame fanned in the bosom of his young family by the perusal of such books as Blind Harry’s Metrical Life of Sir William Wallace, the Life of Hannibal, Baron Trenck’s Autobiography, and other works of a similar character. He was descended from an old family—the MacColls of Glasdrum—a family in which resides, it is said, the chiefship of his clan—a small but heroic branch of the race of Somerled of the Isles. He possessed superior natural endowments—physical as well as mental—and was reputed to be altogether as fine a specimen of the Highlander as could be found in the whole county of Argyll in his day. He delighted to wear the Highland dress, and continued to do so, at least as a holiday dress, long after it had ceased to be used by any other of the adult population of his native parish.

In his mother, Mary Cameron, a daughter of *Domhnall mòr a’ Gharbh-choirre*—in his day a man of considerable mark in the district of Cowal—the bard was scarcely less fortunate. She was noted for her store of traditional tales, legendary and fairy lore, and was withal thoroughly familiar with her Bible,

and led a life of much active benevolence ; and for her memory the bard cherishes the most tender filial feelings and affection. See is also said to have been somewhat of an improvisatrice, and her leanings in this direction, coupled with her frequent exercise of the gift, gave a bent and tone to the boy-mind which time, an ardent soul, and carefully directed thought have fully developed, if not perfected, in the man.

John Mackenzie, in his “*Beauties of Gaelic Poetry, and Lives of the Gaelic Bards,*” informs us that the poet’s parents, “although not affluent, were in the enjoyment of more comfort than generally falls to the lot of Highland peasants ; and were no less respected for their undeviating moral rectitude than distinguished for their hospitality, and the practice of all the other domestic virtues that hallow and adorn the Highland hearth.” Of the bard himself, with whom he was intimately acquainted, the same writer says :—“at a very early age he displayed an irresistible thirst for legendary lore and Gaelic poetry ; but, from the seclusion of his native glen and other disadvantageous circumstances, he had but scanty means for fanning the latent flame that lay dormant in his breast. He however greedily devoured every volume he could procure, and when the labours of the day were over, would often resort to some favourite haunt where, in the enjoyment of that solitude which his father’s fire-side denied him, he might be found taking advantage of the very moonlight, to pore over the minstrelsy of his native country, until lassitude, or the hour of repose compelled him to return home.” The same author continues :—“ His father Dugald MacColl, seems to have been alive to the blessings of education ; for, as the village school afforded but little or nothing worthy of that name, he, about the time that our bard had reached his teens, hired a tutor for his family at an amount of renumeration which his slender means could scarcely warrant. The tutor’s stay was short, yet sufficiently long to accomplish one good purpose—that of not only

enabling Evan properly to read and understand English, but also of awakening in him a taste for English literature. A circumstance occurred about this time which tended materially to encourage our author's poetic leanings. His father, while transacting business one day in a distant part of his native parish, fell in with a Paisley weaver, who, in consequence of the depression of trade, had made an excursion to the Highlands with a lot of old books for sale. MacColl bought the entire lot, and returned home groaning under his literary burden, which Evan received with transports of delight. Among other valuable works he was thus put in possession of, were the 'Spectator,' 'Burn's Poems,' and the 'British Essayists.' He read them with avidity, and a new world opened on his view ; his thoughts now began to expand, and his natural love of song received an impetus which no external obstacles could resist. Contemporaneous with this literary impulsion was the artillery of a neighbouring Chloe, whose eyes had done sad havoc among the mental fortifications of our bard : he composed his first song in her praise, and, although he had yet scarcely passed the term of boyhood, it is a very respectable effort and was very well received by his co-parishioners."

The means taken for the publication of this first effort as related to us by the poet himself, while his guest in Canada, is worth telling. The bards were not at the time held in high esteem in his native district, and this fact, of which he was well aware, coupled with the subject and nature of the song, made him unwilling to make it known even among his most intimate friends. He, however, felt conscious that his effort possessed some small merit, and was anxious to submit it to the local critics, which he did in the following manner :—Taking into his confidence a young friend, who was an excellent song singer, Evan taught him his first attempt, without however letting him so far into the secret as to name the author. The same evening a *ceilidh* "of lads and lasses" was held in

the house of a poor widow who lived rent-free on the farm of Kenmore—that on which our bard was born—and Evan's friend engaged to sing the song during the evening, while the bard decided to remain outside, and hear, through the chinks and crevices with which the walls of the primitive domicile were pretty freely riddled, not only the singing of the song but the criticism which was sure to follow. His nerves were strung to the highest pitch, waiting the result, which to him was of the utmost consequence. The song was sung; it was received with loud and unanimous applause, and its unknown author, whom every one became anxious to discover, was praised without stint. Evan heard the whole; he felt himself a bard, and became supremely happy, and the genius of which this was the first-fruit, broke forth from that moment with the result so well known to the lovers of genuine poetry throughout the length and breadth of the land, wherever Highlanders are located, and to all of whom the name of Evan MacColl is long since a household word.

Of his educational opportunities in early life the bard, in a letter recently received from him, gives the following interesting account.

"My earliest schoolboy days were spent in a most miserable apology for a school, existing quite close to where I lived, and conducted by a dominie whose scholastic acquirements you may judge from the fact that he was content to be paid for his services at the rate of £10 per annum, besides board and lodging—the last being secured to him at the expense of a constant round of house to house billeting, one day at a time for each child attending school. Here, in a building little better than a hovel, and where the discipline, was such as I even now shudder to think of, I first learned to master the A B C and so forth. This important preliminary being once through, I in common with all little ones of similar standing, were made to grope our way through the Shorter Catechism—the English

version mind you—for to be taught at that stage of our progress to read a word of Gaelic was a thing never dreamt of. So much for *our* First Book of Lessons! Our next was the Book of Proverbs, then the New Testament, and afterwards the Old—all in English, of course, and the same as Greek to most of us. These were followed by some English Collection, or it might be Goldsmith's History of Rome, in the case of children whose parents could afford to buy such books; and where that could not be done, I have known an odd volume of Dean Swift's writings doing duty instead! Last of all came in the Gaelic Psalm book for such of us as might wish to attain to a knowledge of reading our native tongue. When it is considered how very little English any of us knew, I think it must be allowed that a total reversal of all this would have been the infinitely-more sensible procedure. In those days, and in such schools, a boy caught speaking a word of Gaelic was pretty sure to be made to mount the back of some one of his sturdier schoolmates, and then, moving in a circuit around the master, tawse in hand, get soundly thrashed. You may well guess what a terror was inspired by such a mode of punishment in the case of little urchins wearing the kilt, as most, if not of all of us then did. Another barbarous mode of forcing us to make English our sole vehicle of speech at school was, to make any trespasser of that rule carry on his breast, suspended by a *gael* made to go round the neck, the skull of some dead horse! and which he was by no means to get rid of until some other luckless fellow might be overheard whispering a word in the prohibited tongue. How Highland parents with the least common sense, could approve of all this is to me now inexplicable. Little wonder if, under such circumstances, we could often devoutly wish that the Saxon and his tongue had never existed! It is to be hoped that no such foul, short-sighted means of killing off my good mother-tongue are still allowed to exist in any part of the Highlands. If it

must die—though I see no good reason why it should—let it have at least a little fair play in the fight for its life.

“The nearest parish school being separated from my father’s house by a considerable extent of rough moorland, which made his children’s attendance there a thing scarcely to be thought of, it was lucky for me that, after picking up all the little knowledge possible at the school just described, my father, while on a visit to some relations in Appin, there fell in with and engaged as a teacher in our family, a young man to whom I am indebted for almost all the education worthy of the name, ever received by me during my school-boy days. My worthy tutor had been for several years a teacher under the Society for Propagation of Christian Knowledge in the Highlands, but was, at the time of making this engagement with my father, waiting for a promised situation as book-keeper in one of Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch’s estates in Jamaica, to which Island, after a year spent with us, he went, and where, within a period of two short years, he died. Poor Alexander Mackenzie-Macleod—for that was his name—was a man of rare, ripe Celtic Scholarship—a man who well merited being held by me in most loving remembrance.”

MacColl’s mind is of a peculiarly delicate and sensitive texture, and the strongest impression of his early childhood still remaining, he informs us, is his recollection of his extreme sensitiveness to pain inflicted on any creature, even among the lower animals. This characteristic peculiarity of his nature made the day set apart for killing the “*Mullagheamhraidh*,” or any other occasional victim necessary to furnish the household with animal food, to him a day of special horror and anguish. On all such occasions it became necessary to send him out of the way until the proceedings were over. It led him also, often at the expense of much rough treatment from boy companions older than himself, to become a regular little knight-errant in the defence of his favourite wild-birds and their brood from the harrying

propensities so common to most boys ; and a lapwing could not more successfully wile away from her nest the searcher after it than he often did from their mark the would-be despoilers of some poor robin's *cuach*, as yet undiscovered by them. With a boy so constituted we may well believe him when he writes in his poem on "*Creag-a'-ghàraidh*," given to the public a few years ago, that

These were the days a planet new
Would joy its finder less than *there* I
To find some blackbird's nest, known to
Myself alone in Creag-a'-gharrie.

Like most Highland boys brought up in rural life, MacColl was early trained to the various duties and labours incidental to that sphere of life—the spade, the plough, and the sickle, being for many years implements far more familiar to him than the pen. The herring fishing season in Lochfyne was also to him for several years of his early manhood a period of more than ordinary activity—himself and his wherry, "*Mairi Chreagh-a'-ghàraidh*," the praises of which have been already sounded in excellent Gaelic verse in these pages, being generally foremost in opening the fishing campaign, and seldom missing a fair share of its spoils. And, further, his father, in addition to the labour demanded by the cultivation of his small holding at Kenmore, was seldom without a road contract of some kind or another on hand, generally the making or repairing of roads within the policies of the Duke of Argyll at Inveraray. During the last ten years of the father's residence in Scotland, before emigrating to Canada, in 1831, he held a contract for keeping a considerable stretch of the county roads in repair. These repairs were usually carried on during the winter, and the bard and his brothers had to work along with the other labourers employed, thus making the whole year to them one unceasing round of hard and active labour. The bard was thus employed for several years—years however during which many of his best Gaelic lyrics were composed.

When his father, accompanied by all the other unmarried members of his family, emigrated to Canada, Evan could not make up his mind to leave his native land, even to accompany those whom he loved above all others in the world—he having already secretly resolved that before following them, he would try to leave his countrymen at home something to be remembered by,—a poetic volume, in short, the materials for which were daily growing on his hands. How well he succeeded in his purpose remains now to be shown.

His first publication in volume form appeared in 1836, under the title of *The Mountain Minstrel*, containing Gaelic songs and poems, and his earliest attempts in English. Though the names of MacLachlan and Stewart appear upon the title page, the work was entirely published at the risk of the author. It was well received, the sale covered the cost of publication, and left a small balance to the bard.

During the next two years he wrote several new pieces, both in Gaelic and English, and in 1838, the Messrs. Blackie, of Glasgow, published the Gaelic work now known as “*Clàrsach nam Beann*,” containing all the Gaelic productions of the bard till that date. Simultaneously with the “*Clàrsach*” the same firm brought out the first exclusively English edition of the *Mountain Minstrel*, the first edition having been partly Gaelic and partly English. A second edition of the *Mountain Minstrel* was published in 1847, and another in 1849; but neither of these produced any great financial result to the author.

On the appearance of his two volumes in 1838, MacColl was hailed as a rare acquisition to Gaelic literature, and his right to stand in the front rank of modern Celtic bards was at once established and acknowledged. Of his *Mountain Minstrel* or “*Poems and Songs in English*,” some of the best contemporary authorities in Britain wrote in the very highest praise. Two editions of the English Compositions of the Bard were printed in Canada—the second, a bulky volume

of 350 pages with a portrait of the author, was published in 1885 by Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto.

The late Dr. Norman MacLeod, reviewing, the *Mountain Minstrel* writes :—“Evan MacColl’s poetry is the product of a mind impressed with the beauty and grandeur of the lovely scenes in which his infancy has been nursed. We have no hesitation in saying that this work is that of a man possessed of much poetic genius. Wild, indeed, and sometimes rough are his rhymes and epithets; yet there are thoughts so new and striking, images and comparisons so beautiful and original, feelings so warm and fresh, that stamp this Highland peasant as no ordinary man.” Hugh Miller say, in the *Inverness Courier* : “There is more of fancy than of imagination in the poetry of MacColl, and more of thought and imagery than of feeling. In point, glitter, polish, he is the Moore of Highland song. Comparison and ideality are the leading features of his mind. Some of the pieces in this volume are sparkling tissues of comparison from beginning to end. The images pass before us in quick tantalizing succession, reminding us of the figures of a magic lantern, hurriedly drawn athwart the wall, or the patterns of a web of tapestry, seen and then lost, as they sweep over the frame. Even when compelled to form a high estimate of the wealth of the bard from the very rapidity with which he flings it before us, we cannot avoid wishing at the same time that he had learned to enjoy it a little more at his leisure. This, if a fault, however, and we doubt it after all, is a fault of genius.” Dr. Browne, author of “The History of the Highland Clans,” noticing the work in the *Caledonian Mercury*, wrote :—“Genius, wherever it displays itself, constitutes nature’s title of nobility, with heaven’s patent right visibly stamped upon it, and thus levels all other distinctions. Here, for instance, we have it breaking out amidst every disadvantage in the person of a Western Celt,—one, who, obedient to the voice within, sought to embody in song those feelings and emotions

which external nature has kindled up in his bosom ; and who, with none of the means and appliances furnished by the schools has thrown together in his *Mountain Minstrel* more gems ‘of purest ray serene’ than could be found in a decade of *lustra* amongst the measured dullness of the choristers and songsters in the cities of the south.”

This is surely high praise, but we must yet quote Bailey, the celebrated author of “*Festus*” and of the “*Angel World*.” “There is a freshness, a keenness, a heartiness in many of these productions of the *Mountain Minstrel*, which seems to breathe naturally of the hungry air, the dark, bleak, rugged bluffs among which they were composed, alternating occasionally with a clear, bewitching, and spiritual quiet, as of the gloaming deepening over the glens and woods. Several of the melodies towards the close of this volume, are full of simple and tender feeling, and not unworthy to take their place by the side of those of Lowland minstrels of universal fame.”

Our Minstrel having thus established for himself a name,—which his countrymen “will not willingly let die”—the time to leave his beloved Lochfyne-side, not for Canada, but England, at last drew near. For, having been in the spring of 1839, through the influence of Mr. Campbell, of Islay, then M.P. for Argyllshire, appointed to a clerkship in the Liverpool Custom House, he, in that year, bade his native home an affectionate farewell, and exchanged the Highland hills and heather, which had so often occupied his poetic mind, for a sphere of life which with its necessary duties and surroundings, had little attraction for one of his temperament, tastes and feelings.

In 1850, the health of our bard having become somewhat impaired, he obtained six months’ leave of absence to enable him to visit his friends in Canada, and at the same time recruit his overworked constitution. Shortly after his arrival there he happened to come in contact with an old friend of his father’s family, the Hon. Malcolm Cameron, then a

member of the Canadian Government, and was by this distinguished countryman invited to transfer his clerkship in the Liverpool Customs for a somewhat better position at the time in the Provincial Customs of Upper Canada. Unfortunately for him, we think, he fell in with this friendly suggestion, and was, shortly after, appointed to a situation in Kingston, a position in which he remained until 1880, when he was superannuated.

Promotion in the public service in Canada, being a matter almost entirely dependant on political influence,—and the Liberal party,—that to which MacColl owed his appointment,—having, unfortunately for him, been left in the cold shades of opposition, with but a very short interval during the whole of his official life in that country, his portion at the “public crib” was never much to boast of. We suspect that a further barrier to his advancement lay in a suspicion that not a few of the political lyrics anonymously contributed from time to time to the Reform press, were from his pen. It is certain that the bard never professed to be much of an admirer of his countryman Sir John A. Macdonald, the leader of the Conservative party there ; and, this being the case, he made it a point of honour never to solicit any favour at his hands. Yet Sir John, who had it so often in his power to befriend him, can hardly be excused for not acting towards him in a more generous spirit than he seems to have done. It was hoped that when, in 1874, Mr Mackenzie, the leader of the Liberal party, came into power, MacColl’s well-established claims to promotion would result in some lucrative place being at once given him. A promise to that effect was cheerfully made ; but, yielding to political exigencies, Mr. Mackenzie delayed its fulfilment, more clamorous claimants having to be provided for,—while the bard, too modest to press his claims, and altogether too confident that the time would come when his patience would be amply rewarded, kept vainly trusting on, until the upsettal of the Mackenzie government, in 1878, suddenly put an end to all his hopes of preferment.

We have said enough to show the stamp of man, whom we (on this side of the Atlantic) had almost permitted to die out of remembrance ; but we must yet be allowed to add one more tribute in his praise from a brother Canadian bard, of no mean powers himself ; for it is not often that one poet can be found to speak so well of another. We quote from a Biographical Sketch, written by the poet, Charles Sangster, for General Wilson's work on the Scottish Bards, published a good many years ago, by the Harpers, of New York.

"MacColl," writes Sangster, "is considerably past the middle of life, but bids fair to weather the storm of existence for many years to come. In private life he is, both by precept and example, all that could be desired. He has an intense love for all that is really good and beautiful, and a true and manly scorn for all that is false, time-serving or hypocritical ; there is no narrow-mindedness, no bigotry in his soul. Kind and generous to a fault, he is more than esteemed, and that deservedly, by all who properly know him. In the domestic circle, all the warmth in the man's heart—the full glow of genuine feeling and affection—is ever uppermost. He is a thoroughly earnest man, in whose daily walks and conversation, as well as in his actions, Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life' is acted out in verity. In his friendships, he is sincere ; in his dislikes, equally so. He is thoroughly Scottish in his leanings, his national love burns with intensity. In poetry, he is not merely zealous, but enthusiastic, and he carries his natural force of character into all he says and does. Consequently he is not simply a wooer, but a worshipper of the muse. Long may he live, the 'Bard of Lochfyne,' to prostrate his entire heart and soul in the Temple of the Nine."

Among MacColl's literary friends and acquaintances in the Highlands were, first and foremost, John Mackenzie, of "The Beauties," allowed, like many more of his class, to die prematurely in neglect and poverty, though his great services to the Celtic cause are now being fully acknowledged. The late

Robert Carruthers, LL.D., he met several times, "first of all in the studio of my dear departed friend, Mr Alexander MacInnes, the artist, then a resident of Inverness." He met Hugh Miller, too, more than once, the last time being at the old Cromarty homestead, celebrated in his "Schools and School-masters." He also spent some time with the brothers Sobeiskie Stewart, at Eilean-Aigais, and drank with them out of a *cuach*, once the property of Prince Charlie. In Glasgow, he could claim among his friends James Hedderwick, of the *Citizen*; Dugald Moore, author of "Scenes before the Flood," and "The Bard of the North;" Alexander Rodgers, the author of "Behave yourself before Folk," and many other popular songs and lyrics; and last, but not least, the Rev. Dr. Norman MacLeod, the gifted author of *Leabhar nan Cnoc*, and editor of the celebrated *Teachlaire Gaidhealach*. In Edinburgh, the late Dr Robert Chambers made him the lion of a dinner party at his own house in Princes Street, to which were invited a dozen of the then literary stars of "modern Athens," the poets Gilfillan and Vedder being among the number. In Liverpool, he made the acquaintance and secured the friendship of James Philip Bailey, the author of "Festus," and the late Robert Leighton, author of the "Christening of the Bairn," and other well known poems. "When first I knew Leighton," MacColl writes, "he was quite a raw, unsophisticated callant, fresh from Dundee, and with seemingly no conception of the poetic power afterwards developed in him."

In London, he was intimately acquainted with James Logan, author of "The Scottish Gael;" Fraser, of *Fraser's Magazine*, and Hugh Fraser, an Invernessian, the publisher of *Leabhar nan Cnoc*. These, in all, form a circle of literary friends, though not altogether our most brilliant stars, with whom the Bard of Lochfyne might well be highly pleased, indeed gratified.

MacColl has been twice married, his first wife being Frances

Lewthwaite, a native of Cumberland, while his present worthy and hospitable partner is of Highland parentage, though born in Canada—her father, James MacArthur, as also her mother, MacCallum by name, being natives of Mull, in Argyllshire. Of a family of nine sons and daughters, Evan, the poet's eldest son, has been educated for the ministry, and is now pastor of the Congregational Church at Quebec. The readers of the *Celtic Magazine* are already familiar with some of his daughter Mary's productions, and her fair promise as a poet to become worthy of her sire. Fanny, another daughter, is a teacher under the Ontario Board of Education, while the more youthful members of his most interesting family give ample promise of proving themselves worthy of the stock from which they sprang.



CLARSACH NAM BEANN.



CLARSACH NAM BEANN.

— — — — —

L O C H - D U I C H .

— — — — —

Fàilt' ort, a Loch-duich, fàilt' ort!

Na 'm bu bhàrd a réir mo dhùrachd,
Mise 'n diugh, gu fonnmhòr, sàr-ghrinne,
Fhìor Loch-àluinn, bheirinn cliù ort.

Mar naoidhean gu ciùineil 'n a chadal

An taice uchd dubhach a mhàthar,
'S tric aghaidh na mara 'mach gruamach
A's tusa 'n ad shuain-chadail sàmhach.

A bhirlinn a' teicheadh bho 'n doireann

Cha n- aimmic 'n ad rathad-sa 'stiùireadh
'S tu tabhairt dhi beatha glé chàirdeil
Gu fasgadh do bhàghana ciùine.

'S beag ioghna gach beinn tha mu 'n cuairt dhiot

Bhi 'scalltainn a nuas ort glé spòrsail ;
Cha mhinic 'chi stuadhan co àluinn
Iad féin ann an sgàthan co òirdhearc.

O! gu bhi tràth oidhche 'g an coimhead
 'N an seasamh 'an rathad nan reula,
 No le uaill 'togaileas an cinn òr-bluidh',
 'N uair tha ghrian 's an ear ròsach ag éiridh.

A bhuauchaille bhig air an raon ud,
 Leig dhiot a bhi tearnadh na 's dlùithe ;
 An fheudail ud chì thu fo 'n aigeann
 Cha robh iad riamh agad fo d' chùram !

A' trusadh nan dearc air a' bhruthach,
 Eisd ! éisd ciod is bruidhinn do 'n phàisd ud ;—
 "Tha coille 'an iochdar Loch-duich !
 A bhràthair, 'bheil cnuthan a' fàs innt' ?"

A Dhùin ud—seann lùchaint Clann Choinnich—
 Dh' fhàg aois iomad sgar ann ad chliathaich ;
 A thannais nan làithean a threig sinn,
 Cha n- ioghnadh nan déigh thu bhi cianail !

'S tu 'n sin ann ad aonar 'n ad sheasamh,
 "Mar Oisein an déighidh na Féinne"—
 Tùm bheag 's bi'dh do cheann anns an t-sàile ;
 A Dhùin, tha làmh làdir an Eig ort !

Cha teare ann ad fhocair, ma 's fior dha,
 Chì 'n t-iасgair a' dìreadh o 'n fhairge
 Cruth maighdinn, fo shoillse na geallaich,
 'S i seinn—'n è, Dhun-donnain, do mharbhrrann ?

Tha claiseachd glé gheur aig an iasgair,—
 'N a bheachd-san, 's e iargainn a h-òrain,
 A leannan bhi uimpe 'fas suarach,
 'S té eile, gu guanach, 'g a phògadh !

O, uillte a's sunndaiche siubhal
 Ri leathad nan leitrichean uain' ud,
 Cha -n ioghná leam idir le 'r crònán
 Loch-duich bhi 'n còmhnuidh 's an t-suain so.

An so sibh, gu borbhanach, scimheal

A' gluasad 'measg fraoich agus fàs choill,—

An sud sibh, mar bhoillsgeana gréine,

Geal-steallach, 'borb-leum feadh nan àrd-chreag!

Sgùr-Orain! cha -n ioghna an iolair,

Bhi 'n déigh air bhi 'g itealaich dlùth ort;

Sud shuas thu, le d' cheann anns an iarmailt,

'S gach beinn, 'near 'san iar, 'toirt dhuit ùmhlaichd!

Feuch farum na seilge 'n ad choire!

Tha 'n làn-damh 'n a shiubhal tre 'n mhòintich,

'S mactalla 'g a fhàgail féin bodhar,

A' freagairt nan gobhar 's an tòireachd.

Ciod e ged tha chàileachd-san fallain?

Ciod e ged mar dhealan tha 'luathas?

'S e siùblhaiche 'n fhirich a ghéilleas,—

'S e foill, a laoich thréin, a thug buaidh ort!

Loch maiseach nan gorm-chrioch do 'n luaithe

'S an Earrach thig cuach agus smèorach,—

Loch bradanach, sgadanach, ciùineil,

Co 'n teanga bheir cliù mar is còir ort?

Loch suaimhneach nam bruach, far am minic

Cèòl phìoba nan ribheidean sàr-ghrinn,

'S cliù bhàrda air òighean caoin-chruthach—

Slàn leat, a Loch-duich, nis, slàn leat!



B A S M A I R I .

B' i a' chaileag air am bheil na rannan so a luaidh, nighean bràthar
dhomh, a chaochail air dhi bhi dà bhliadhna dh' aois.

Chaochail i—mar neulta ruiteach
'Bhios 's an Ear mu bhriste faire;—
B' fhamrad leis a' ghréin am bòii chead,
Dh' eirich i 'n a glòir 'chur sgàil oirr'!

Chaochail i—mar phlatha gréime,
'S am faileas 'n a réis 'an tòir air;
Chaochail i—mar bhogh' nan speura,—
Shil an fhras a's thréig a ghlòir e.

Chaochail i—mar shneachd a luidheas
Ann an tràigh ri cois na fairge;
Dh' aom an làn gun iochd air aghaidh—
'Ghile O! cha b' fhada shealbhaich.

Chaochail i—mar ghuth na Clàrsach
'N uair a's drùitiche 's a's mils' e;
Chaochail i—mar sgeulachd àluinn
Mu 'n gann 'thòisichear r' a h-ìnnseadh.

Chaochail i—mar bhoillsge geallaich',
'S am maraich' fo eagal 's an dorcha:
Chaochail i—mar bhruadar milis,
'S an ead'laiche duilich gu 'n d' fhalbh e.

Chaochail i 'an tùs a h-àille!
Cha seachmadh Pàrras as fein i:
Chaochail i—O! chaochail Màiri
Mar gu 'm báithte 'ghrian ag éiridh!

B E A N N A C H D D H E I R E A N N A C H
 A N E I L T H I R I C H.

Bha long nan crann caol,
 Mach o Mhaol dhubh Chianntire—
 Air bòrd bha iad lìonmhòr
 Dh' fhàg tir nam beann àrd :
 Bha 'ghrian ait gu leòir,
 Anns a' mhòr chuan a' sioladh :—
 Ciod uime tha mì-ghean
 Air laoch a' chiùil bhàin ?
 Cha 'n e an cuan dùmhail
 Dh' fhàg Dùghall fo champar—
 'S e fàgail a dhùthcha
 Fhliuch sùilean an t-sean-duin',
 'S e 'coimhead, fad uaithe,
 Nan cruach b' fheàrr leis teann air—
 Tir bhòidheach nam Beann,
 Ris nach till e gu bràth.

A dhùthaich mo rùin,
 Arsa 'n diùlanach duaichnidh,
 Có air nach biodh smuairean
 A' gluasad bho d' thaobh ?
 Droch dheireadh do'n ghràisg
 Tha 'g ad fhàsachadh 'n uair so !
 'S e 'n droch-bheairt thug bhuam-sa
 Gleann uaine mo ghaoil.
 Mo chreach ! bho nach buan
 Ar sean-uachdairean treunail,
 'S am fonn bha 'n an sealbh
 Nis aig balgairean breunail,
 Tha Gàidheil 'g am fògradh
 Mar cheò bharr do shléibhteann,
 'S ma lean riut cinn-fheadhn',
 'S ann air caoirich a's féidh !

O Albuinn ! 'n àm dùsgadh
 Thoirt sgiùrsadh do d' nàimhdean
 Cò eil' ach an Gàidheal—
 Na Gàidheil 's gach cruas !
 An cuimhn' leat gach cruaidh-chath
 'S an d' fhuair iad buaidh-làraich.
 'S a nis bhi 'g am fògradh
 Bho d' chòrsa, 'n e'n duais ?
 'G am fògradh air sgàth
 Barrachd màil ann am pòca
 Nan triath air bheag nàir,
 Dh'fhàg 'n a fàsaich tìr m' òige !
 B' e 'cur eadar màthair
 'S a ceud leanabh bòidheach,
 B' e'n rùsg thoirt bho 'n chraoibh
 Bhi an eigin dol uait!

'Thìr steallaireach, alltach,
 Ard-choillteach, thiugh-spréigheach—
 'Thìr àiridheach, fhraoch-shliosach,
 Ghorm-lochach, àrd ;
 'Thìr bhreacanach, cheòlraidheach,
 Oranach, aoidheach,
 Bu tu tìr nan sgeul—
 Dachaidh ghreadhnach nam Bàrd !
 Ach cò an tìr chéin
 A ni 'n sgeulachd a dhùsgadh ?
 Cò thogas dhuinn òran
 Tim bròin no tim sùgraidd ?
 Cò sguabas na teudan
 Le caol-mheura siùblach,
 No chuireas air seinn
 Piob mhòr bhinn nan dos àrd ?

O m' òige ! 's tu mheall mi ;—
 'S beag, aon uair, a shaol mi
 Ri dachaidh mo ghaoil
 Bhi 's an dòigh so 'cur cùl—

Gleann gorm nam ban bòidheach
 Fhuair còir air 'bhi beul-bhinn,
 Mar uiseag nan speura
 Tràth Céitein nam flùr.
 O m' anam ! 'd e 'm feum dhuit
 'Bhi meodhrachadh suaimhneis—
 Feall-shomas a dh' fhàg thu
 Gu bràth, a's bu luath sin !
 Cha phill e an t-òg-mhios'
 Air ròsan bhi 'bruadar ;
 O, imrich na truaigh,
 B' fheàrr an uaigh leam na thu !

A rionnag ud shuas,
 'S tuille 's luath rinn thu dùsgadh !
 Tha 'n oidhche a' dùnadh uam
 Dùthaich mo ghaoil ;
 Tha gheallach gu càirdeil
 A' snàmh thar a stùchdan,
 Ach monadh no stùchd
 Nis do m' shùilean cha léir !
 A lòchrana aoibhinn !
 'S ann ruibhse tha m' fharmad,—
 Ged ruai geas an là sibh
 A làth'ir tir nan garbh-chrioch,
 Gu 'm pill sibh gu gàireach
 'Chur failt' oirr' gach anamoch :
 Mo thruaigh ! cha bu shearbh
 Ach bhi 'falbh uaip' a chaoidh !

A Bhan-righ nan euan,
 Beannachd buan leat ! ach cuimhnich
 An ath uair a dh' aomas
 Luchd-streupa 'n ad dhàil,
 Bi'dh d' ionndrain, gun stàth,
 Air na h-àrmuinn a sgaomadh,
 Do nàimhdean mar sgaomas
 Gaoth éitidh an càth !

Uair eile, 's gu bràth,
 Beannachd bhlàth leat, mo dhùthaich !
 Ged robh gu Lath'-luain
 Falach-cuain ort bho m' shùil-sa,
 Gu deireadh mo chuairt,
 Geàrr no buan, bi'dh mi 'g ùrnuigh,
 O ! 'Ard-righ nan dìl,
 Beannaich dùthaich mo ghràidh !



AM BUACHAILLE SLAODACH.

B' e 'm "buachaille slaodach" glumair balaich a bha aon uair air mhuinntearas ann am baile àraideh far am bu chliù dha nach robh e aona chuid "sona no saoithreach."

A bhuachaille sgìth nan ceum slaodach,
 A bhuachaille 's faoine na chuileag,
 Fhir leis nach ciuideadh 'n t-àl clòimheach,—
 'S a dh' fhàg 's na puill-mhòin' ar euid-mhulag,—
 Fhir air an deach' "uisge nan uibhean"
 Fada mu 'n deach uisge d' ainnm ort,—
 Nam biodh tannasgan aig brùidean
 Cha bu chùis dhuit siubhal anamoch !

Fhir nach luathaicheadh ceum ged chitheadh
 Tu a mhàth'r thug bainne-cìch dhuit
 'Dol 'n a siubhal leis an abhainn—
 B' e 'n droch latha thug gu 'r crìoch thu !
 Mult an diugh a's mart am màireach
 Le d' dhroch làimhseachd 'dol 's na dìgean,—
 'S eagal leam gu 'n tig a' bhàirlinn
 Oirnn air sgàth na chuir thu dhìth oirnn.

Na 'm b' e 'màireach ceann do mhuinnt'reas
 'S ioma broinn do 'm b' aobhar bròin e—
 Ròcuis, iolairean, a's clambain,
 Maille ri cait, coin a's foclain ;—
 'S ioma uair do d' thaobh-sa, 'leisgein,
 Air mo chosd bha pailteas feòl ac' ;
 Mar dean thu gu elis ar fàgail
 Gort a's plàigh bi'dh agaínn còmhla.

O, fhir a's luaithe le leathad,
 'S a's faid' air deireadh 'n àm dìreadh !
 Cha 'n ann idir a réir d' airde
 Chluicheadh tu do spàin aig diota ;
 'S tearc a gheibhear 'siubhal 'chruach thu,
 Ach an cor-uair suas a théid thu
 Cha n- 'eil binnein air an gluais thu
 Air nach faicear Buachaill'-bréige !



MOLADH ABHAINN RUAILE.

Tha 'n abhainn a dhùisg cliù an dàin so a' siubhal troimh Ghleann-daruaille, ann an Earraghàidheal,—gleann cho bòidheach 's a gheibhear ann an Albainn, ged is ainnic a chluinnear iomradh air.

A Ruaile an àigh !
 A Ruaile mo ghràidh,
 Cha 'n ioghna na bàird bhi 'g aithris ort ;
 Bho d' bhun gu do cheann
 'S leat maise neo-ghann
 Nach téid ré mo linn ás m' aithre-sa ;

'S tu féin an sruth tlà
 'S an caithinn an là
 O mhoch-thrath gu tràth nan rionnagan,
 Le slat no le mor'ath
 'Toirt cuimhneachan searbh
 Do chuaireir nam meanbh-bhall lannaireach.

 O, abhainn gun stéidh !
 'G ad choimhead an dé
 Gu 'n d'chuir thu gun bhréig, plath-fathar orm,—
 An sud thu a nuas
 An so thu a suas
 'N ad muilleine cuairteag aighearach ;
 An so thu a' falbh
 Gu h-athaiseach, balbh ;
 An sud thu, le toirm na gaillimhe,
 A' cur na réis chruaidh
 A bheir thu le buaidh,
 Gu fochair nan euan-shruth salainneach.

 A mhuime nam breac,
 Feuch sud iad a gleachd,
 Ri d' chaislichean sneachd-gheal, steallaireach,
 An so iad a' leum
 An coinneamh na gréin,—
 Mo cheist air na laochain gheal-tharach,
 O, iasgair, bi elis !
 Sud fear dhiubh a nis
 Fo dhubhar a phris ud 'feitheamh ort :
 Cuir euileag gun dàil
 'N a rathad ma 's àill
 Leat fhaicinn an eás nach laghach leis.

 'S beag ioghnadh, a Ruail,
 Aig deireadh do chuairt
 Do shruth bhi do 'n chuan cho tobairteach,
 'S na tha o gach frith
 De dh' easa gun sgios
 A' tabhairt dhuit cùs le bodhar fhuaim.

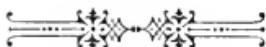
Be 'n sòlas leam féin
 Bhi leanachd an cenn
 Tigh'n thugad 'n an leum-ruith cobharaech,
 'S Mactalla gun tàmh
 A' magadh an gair,
 'N a dhachaidh 's an àrd-chreig ghobharach !

 Sruth-tathaich nan còrr—
 'S tric dh' éisd mi 'n ad chòir
 Fead sealgair nan eun-chù cuinneineach,
 Maoth-mhèilich nan uan,
 Ceòl uiseag a's chuach,
 'S guth mhaighdean mu 'n bhuaile chumanach,
 Ceòl eile, 'n ad sgàth,
 Cha tearc, ma 's fior dha,
 'N cluais buachaillie bànn nam mullaichean,—
 Ceòl theud bho thorr-sìth,
 'S na "daoine" gun dìth
 Cruaidh-dhannsa air druim an tullachain !

Ged 's fhada bho 'n ré
 Chaidh dìth air na féidh,
 'Am monadh do mhà'ir-uisg' bhiolaireach,
 Ri d' thaobh air a sgiath
 'S tric leònar ceare-liath,
 'S théid peileir 'an cliabh na h-iolaire,
 Cha 'n ainneamh 'n ad bhùrn
 Thig deireadh air mùirn
 Dubh-dhoran a chùirn le 'mhuirichinn,
 'S an ruadh-bhoc, gun taing
 D' a easgaidean seang,
 Thig tric ann ad Ghleann gu duillichinn.

O ! Gleann nan gorm raon,
 O, Gleann nam ban caoin
 Dh' fhàs òr-fhaltach, beul-bhinn, ceanalta—
 Mnaidh òg nan gruaidh dearg,
 'S nam pearsa gun chearb
 Fhuair urram na h-Alb' gun cheannachadh,—

Mo bheannachd 'nan déigh !
 B' e 'm bàrd os cionn ceud
 A' mholadh mar 's eòir am banal ud :
 Ged 'chaitheadh e bliadhna'
 A' leantuinn a mhiann
 An deicheadmh de 'n sgiamh cha chanadh leis.



PIOBAIREACHD MHIC-A'-PHEARSAIN.

'Se 'n laoch air an deachaidh an t-òran so a dheananmh Dòmhnull Mac-a'-Phearsain a bha 'n a àrd-phloibaire aig an Fhreiceadan ris an canar *Fusileers* na h-Alba, ri linn dhoibh gairm fhaighinn till-eadh dhachaidh bho Chanada air a' bhliadhna 1866.

Thàinig naigheachd an dé oirnn,
 Dh' fhàg na ceudan làn airtneal,—

Prionnsa cliùiteach nam pìobair
 Tuille 's tìr so cha 'n fhaic sinn !

Null thar euan nan tonn beucach
 Ghluais an laoch a dh' fhàs smachdail,—

Fear thug tric dhomh o 'n "Oinsich"
 Bruidhinn bhòidheach a nasgaidh.

Có, le seòltachd an fhiùrain,
 Nis a dhùisgeas dhuinn feachd-cheòl ?

Có, 'n uair b' fheàrr leinn ceòl-cumha,
 Fear, 'n ad dheighidh, bheir tlachd dhuinn ?

C' nin' a chuireas ceòl-dannsaidh
Caothach cheann agus chas oirnn ?

Chaill sinn corrag an fhilidh
Anns gach binneas bha beairteach,—

Fear nam feadana fuaimneach
Ann an cuairtean na *Glas-mheur* :

B' e sud ceòl gun a leithid !
Cainnt gach cridhe 'n i chlaisteachd,

B' e 'm fear bodhar a dh' eisdeadh
Gun fhuil a's fheithean a' bras-leum.

Ged a b' ainmeil Mac-Cruimein
'S gann bha ribheid cho blasda !

Fear mo chridhe 'm fear dàicheil
Chinn gu failteachail, feartail !

Ann am Breacan siol Chluainidh,
'S ioma gruagach ghabh tlachd dhiot.

Fear a's deise measg sluaigh thu
Ann ad shuaicheantas gaisgeil,—

Féile preasach mu d' shliasaid,
Geal a's ciar air deagh bhreacadh.—

Osain gheàrr air trom-chalpa
Mar bhreac tarragheal nan cas-shruth,—

Brògan-fraochain, a's sporan
O bhian mollach nan glas-ghobh'r,—

Crios le biodag gheur, ghuineach
'S dà dhag ullamh neo-chneasda, —

Leug o bheannta nan làn-damh
'Boillsgeadh 'm bràisde de bhreacain,—

Lus-nam-braoileag 'n ad bhoineid,
'S ite iolair 'an taic sud !

Gu ma fada mòr-chliùiteach
Am feachd diùlanta, smachdail ;

'S tric a fhuair leat buaidh-làrach—
Gach cluais làn de d' cheòl spraiceil.

Laochraighe ghasda nan cruidh-bheum,
B' e bhi buadhach an cleachduinn.

'N àm toirt stàilinn o thruaillibh,
B' e chùis-uamhais am faicinn.

Mar dhubh-dhoirionn na fairge
Coltas colgach nam macan.

Mar bheum-sleibh no leum-tuinne
Sud am meadhon gach gleachd iad !

Gach aon laoch mar Cuthchullainn,
H-uile buille toirt seachd as !

Fhir a's tric, le ciad fàilte,
A lòn m' fhàrdaich le d' chaismeachd.

Fhir 'n àm seasamh na Gàidhlig,
'S tric a dh' àrdaich mo bheachd ort.

Ged a rinn thu 'ur fàgail—
Toil na bànn-righ mar reachd dhuit,

Bi'dh mo chridhe-sa làn dhliot,
Gus an càirichear leac orm.



M N A T H A N A N T O M B A C.

AIR FONN,—‘*Hùthil othan, ò*’ &c., no, ‘*Buy broom besoms.*’

B’ iad na “mnathan” air a bheil ruith sios anns an’òran so, dà bhana-choimhearsnach chòir a dh’ fhág an déideadh car beag déigheil air toit na ploba. Rinneadh an t-òran air do thé dhiubh féin, le fealadhà, iarraidh air an àughdar raun a dheanamh orra.

Giorsal òg a bhos,
Seana Ghiorsal shios—
Cha ’n fhaic mi ’n an gnos
Mionaid ach a’ phìob !

SEISD.—Fuich ! a’s fire, faire !
Och a’s och, a rìgh !
Ub ! ub ! ub ! mo sgaradh !
Mnathan dubh nam pìob !

Sud iad dhuit mu ’n teallaich
'Cur na toite 'n àird,—
Fasan dubh nan cailleach
Bhios a’ breith nan ceàrd !
Fuich, etc.

Chunnaic thu ’mhuc-mhara
'N uair a ni i séid,—
Ceò a’ teachd á Coire—
Fallasg air na sléibht’—
Fuich, etc.

’S faoin sud seach an deatach
'Bhios gu tric ag iadh'
Bho ’m bus dubha, chabach,
Do ’m bheil toit mar dhia !
Fuich, etc.

Cia mar ni na càrdan
 Colum dhoibh no elòdh,
 'N uair tha 'chutag ghràineil
 Mar an ceud-ghin leò ?
 Fuich, etc.

Cutag dhubb na bidse !
 B' fheàrr nach d' thàin' i riamh ;—
 Chuir i crìoch air sguidse,
 Thug i 'm bàs do'n t-sniamh.
 Fuich, etc.

Mar an treud a ruagadh
 Roimhe so a mach,
 Bogadh math 's a' chuan doibh,
 Mnathan an tombac !
 Fuich, etc.



COILICH-DHUNAIN LOCH-RUAILE.

Tha 'u t-òran a leanas a' leigeil ris mar a thachair do Thàilleir agus
 Greusaiche àraig a thog orra 'dh' iasgach an sgadain, agus iad air
 marachd turaineolach.

Co-SHEIRM.—Hó ! na maraichean chiseil,
 Theab a bhi 'n crògan nan crùban !
 'S ro-nhath 'n airidh air cliù bhuan
 Coilich-dhùnain Loch-ruaile.

'S iomadh dubh-leum bheir daoine
 Eadar creathall a's caochladh ;
 Dad cha n- fhoghainn an taobh so
 Ach muir réidh do luchd-fuagheal !
 Ho ! na maraichean, etc.

Ars' am Minidh, 's e dùsgadh,
 "Ris a' ghreusachd mo chùlthaobh!"
 Fhreagair Snàth'dag an cuil e,
 "Cha'n e'n clùdadhbh 's mò buannachd."
 Ho! na maraichean, etc.

Faic a nis i fo 'h-éideadh,
'S iad, glé spòrsail ag éigheadh,
"O, nach briagh i ! nach treun i !
Heich, a dhaoine nach luath i !" Ho ! na maraichean, etc.

A N U I S E A G .

Philibh éibhinn
 Ud tha 'g éiridh
 Air sgiath sgaoilte
 'N dàil na gréine !
 'S beag an t-ioghnadh,
 'S mi 'g ad éisdeachd,
 Mi bhi saoilsinn
 Ribheid Séraph
 Bhi 'n ad bheulan ceòlaireach.

O, eun an àigh !
 B' e 'n clod gun stàth
 Nach d' thugadh gràdh
 Do d' choirioll tlàth :—
 Bu leòir do 'n bhàrd
 Chaisg caothach *Shàul*
 Bhi leth cho làn
 Do spiorad nèamhaidh d' òrain-sa.

Ged is glé bhinn,
 Tùm a' Chéitein,
 Còisir aobhach
 Na coill gheugach,
 'S beag an éisdeachd
 Bheirinn fén doibh,
 'S tusa 'gleusadh
 Ribheid réidh a's bòidhche leam.

Sin thu shuas ud
 Nis, glé naibhreach,
 'Taosnadh nuas bh' uait
 Tuil de luath-phuining !—
 Coirioll buadhach,
 'Tigh'n gu m' chluasan
 'N a chiad cuairteag dheòthasach.

Till, m' eun ceutach,
 Till, mu 'n d' théid thu
 Far nach faod mi
 Tuille d' éisdeachd,
 'S mu 'm fág treubhan
 Binn nan speura
 Air bheag gleusaith
 'N cruitein féin a dh' fhòghlum bh' uait !

Feuch nis, gu d' chuach
 'San lag ud shuas
 Thu tigh'n, le luath's
 Na dreige, nuas!
 'S math thoill do dhuan
 Bho d' leannan suaire'
 Blàth-fhàilte 's cluineas shòlasach.



M O R O G H A I N N - S A .

Ciod am math do dhuine
 Bhi, gun fhois, gun tàmh,
 Air tòir cliù no onair?
 Faileasan gun stàth !

Ciod am feum bhi 'gearan
 Gainne ar cuid stòir ?
 'S tric bha eridhe brùite
 Leis an roinn a's mò.

Fanadh fleasgaich eile
 Gus an cinn iad liath
 'Càrnadh suas, 's a' deanamh
 De'n cuid òir an dia,

Dhòmh-sa mar mo roghainn,—
 Agus sin gun dàil—
 Crioman bòidheach fearainn
 Ann an srath mo ghràidh.

Faigheam an sud mar rium
 Bean bho theaghach còir—
 Caileag ghnìomhach, ghaolach,
 Lom-lan aoidh a's ceòl.

Toilicht' le a cuibhrionn,
 Biodh e paitl no gann,—
 Sud an té bu spòrs leam
 Bhi 'n a màth'ir do m' chlann.



L O C H - A I C .

Cha bhiodh e furasda tachairt air loch air bith eile d'a mheudachd féin a's bòidhche na Loch-aice—an't aon loch-uisge tha ri fhaotainn ann am fearann Chòmhlaill.

Anns na linntibh a dh' fhàlbh, bha Coire-'n-t-sith (coire tha dlùth-làimh dha, agus anns an tric a mharbh seanair an tighdair fiadh,) iomraiteach air son a mheud 's a bha de "na daoine sith" a' tuinneachadh ann. Cha n-eil an diugh fiadh ri fhaicinn ré astar leth-cheud mìle o'n Choire, agus, tubaist air na caoich! tha na daoine-sith féin a nis air fhágail.

Loch mo ghaoil-sa thar gach loch
 'S e Loch-aic a' bhroillich chiùin'
 Air an tric a luidh 'n gath-gréin
 Soilleir mar uchd scèimh mo rùin

Loch nam bruach a's uaine neul—
 Loch nam bradan tarr-gheall, trom,—
 Ged nach faicear long nan crann
 Null no nall ort 'garradh thonn,

'S leat an eala 's àille com,
 'S i neo-throm air d' uchd a' snàmh,—
 Eun a's gile cneas no 'ghrian,
 Sneachd nan sliabh, no leannan bàird !

'S leat, bho Lochunn a's bho 'n t-Suain,
 An lach bheag a's uaine cùl ;
 'S tric air d' uchd fo ghunna caol
 Fras nach caomh leath' 'tuiteam dlùth.

'S leat bhi 'g éisdeachd coirioll tlàth
 Maighdinn òg a' bleodhan spréidh,
 'S buachaille a' chruidh 'g a còir
 Ceart co cheòlar rithe féin.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh gille 'n àigh
 A bhi faighinn pòig mar dhuais ;
 Cha 'n ann tearc air a' cheart sgàth
 Fhuair mi féin pòg blhlàth 'n ad chuairt.

C' àite 'n taitneach leis an earb
 Bhi gu minic 'falbh le 'laoigh ?
 C' àite 'n tric a leònas luaidh
 Leannan ruadh na circ-e-fraoich ?

C' àite, ach taobh loch mo rùin—
 Far, fo sgàth nan stùchd ud thall,
 'S an robh uair mo dhaimh glé thiugh,
 Ged tha iad an diugh air chall.

Loch mo chridhe ! thoir dhomh féin
 Oidhche Céitein ann ad chuairt
 A measg faile roid a's fraoich,
 'S toirm nan leum-uisge 'n am chluais,—

Boillsge gealaich air an raon,
 Dealt na h-oidheche air gach gue,
 'S rionnagan, 'n an siubhal siar,
 Le 'n glòir féin 'cur sgiamh air d' uchd.

'N uair tha 'n clobair, 's e 'n a shuain,
 'Faicinn mada-ruadh 'n a threud,
 'S e dian-stuigeadh nan con-luath
 Gu bhi shuas mu 'n dean e beud.

Sud an t-àm a thoirt do bhàrd
 Greim air sinuaintean àrd gun dlùth ;
 Sud an t-àm 's an tug thu gràdh,
 Eilidh bhàn, do 'n fhilidh shìth.

Uair dhi bhi, 's a' ghlòmain dlùth,
 Air taobh Eachaig shios leath' féin,
 Chualas feadan a thug barr
 Air gach ceòl tha'n diugh fo 'n ghréin.

Dh' éisd i, 's mar a b' fhaide dh' éisd,
 'S ann bu bhinne teud a' chiùil ;
 Lean i—'s mar a b' fhaide 'lean
 B' fhaide ás an coirioll ciùin.

Rainig i mu dheireadh enoc—
 Dorus fosgait air a thaobh—
 'S dlùth dha, còisir a chuir fält'
 Oirre 'n sud le mòran aoidh.

“Thig a stigh leinn Eilidh bhàn !
 Thig, a ghràidh, gun eagal beud :
 Feuch an oidhche dhùbh mu 'n cuairt—
 'S fada bh' uait do dhachaидh féin !”

Chaidh i steach, gun fhiamh, gun eis,
 Thuit i 'n gaol air fear a' chiùil,
 Dh' òl i 'n deoch bu deoch do chàch,
 'S tuille riamicha d' fhàg i 'n dùn.

GLEANN-U R C H A D A I N.

Eadar-theangaichte bho bhàrdachd Bheurla an ùghdair.

Fàilt' ort, a Ghlinn a's grinne loinn !
Gleann-Urachadan nan coillte sèimh !
Aon ghleann cho ionlan riut-sa 'n sgiamh
Gu'm b' fhaoin bhi 'g iarraidh mach á næamh.

'N uair chaidh an Srath ud thall a dhealbh.
Bha 'choslas garbh, gun dreach gun liobh ;
Bu bheag an dolaidh, 's thus' aig làimh
Mar Phàrras, gun aon mhaise dhìth !

Na raointeán ud le 'm mìlte blàth,
Na h-uillt' ud 'ruith le ceòl gu srath,
An Loch ud shuas, 's na cluaint' ud shios
Bu leòir chur dreach air Tir nam Flath.

'N a leithid so de ghleann, ar leam,
Thug Tùbal binn a' Chruit do'n t-saogh'l :
'N a leithid—leannanachd gun àgh—
Ghabh Mic nan Nèamh air mnathan gaol.

O gleann nan òigh a's bòidhche cruth !
Nam biodh e ceadaichte, mo làimh,
Gu'm faicte fathast Mic nan Spear
Gu tric an taobh so 'sireadh gràidh !



AM FOGHANNAN—

SUAICHEANTAS NA H-ALBA.

AIR FONN—"Oran nam Fineachan Gàidhealach."

'S e Fogh'nan na h-Alba, lus ainmeil nam buadh,
Lus grinn nan dos calgach thug dearbh air bhi cruaidh ;
Sean-suaicheantas mòrail tìr bhòidheach mo luaidh—
'S tric dh' fhadaich a dheagh-chliù tein'-éibhinn 'n am
ghruaidh.

Lus deas nam meur cròchdach nach leònar le stóirm—
Ged 's ionnan teachd ceàrr air 's laoch dàna fo arm,
'S leis clòimh tha cho maoth gheal ri faoileag na tràigh,
'S barr-ghuchdan cho chiùin-ghorm ri suilean mo ghràidh.

Mo dhùthaich, cha 'n ioghna mòr-chliù air thigh'n bhuaite
'S a liuthad buaidh-làraich 'sdeagh-ghnàth tha ris fuaight';
An cian is le Albainn luchd-seanachais no bàrd
Bi'dh meas air a dhealbh anns gach gorm bhoineid àrd.

Sluagh borb, le droch rùn dha, 's tric bhrùchd air a nuas—
'S tric bhrùchd, ach, gun taing dhoibh, a cheann chum e
suas :
'N uair shaoil iad bhi buadhach, 's ann fhuair iad fàth
bròin :
Feuch ! 'cinn thar an uaighean an Cluaran gun leòn !

Mo bheannachd gu bràth air ! cia 'n Gàidheal no 'n Gall
Nach seasadh gu bàs e, 'g a theàrnadh bho chall ?
Có, iosal no uasal, bheir cluais do mo dhàn
Nach òladh leam "buaidh leis" bho chuachana làn !

R A N N A N - C U M H A I D H :

AIR CLUINNTINN GU 'N DO CHAOCHAIL MAIGHDEAN A BHA
 COMHARRAICHITE AIR SON A BOIDHCHEAD, AGUS DO 'N
 D' THUG AM BARD MORAN SPEIS.

Och, mo chridhe ! ciod e 'n ceòlan
 Chuireas fògradh air do chràdh-lot ?
 Cha 'n e fonn nam feadan glé-bhinn
 No ceòl theud an diugh ni stàth dhuit.

Mo thruaighe mise nach sgeul-bréige
 An dubh-sgeul tha nis ri innseadh !
 M' eudail-sa de mhnaidh an domhain
 'Bhi 's a' chiste-chumhann sìntte !

'N uair tha tosdachd cho neo-thìmeil
 Air a' ghuth bha caoimhneil, aobhach,
 'S uair a' falachadh na h-iomhaidh
 Nach fac' duine riamh gun ghaol dhi,—

'N uair 's e ùrlar fiuch na h-uaigne
 Th' aig mo luaidh mar leaba-phòsaidh—
 'N uair 's e 'm Bàs fear-bainnse m' uain-sa,
 Có nach sileadh cuan de dheòiribh ?

'N uair tha coimhairsnaich gun dìth leinn
 Thun na cill glé dheas a' gluasad,
 C' uime, nach do thuit na 'n còmhail
 An gath geur a leòn mo luaidh-sa ?

Ciod e dhòmh-sa teachd an Earraich ?
 Cha n- 'eil m' uiseag tuille ceòlmhor ;
 Mhill an doirionn mo lios cùbhraidh,
 Shearg an reothadh m' ùr-ròs bòidheach.

Maighdeanan a chunntar maiseach
 Gus am faicear iad 'n a làth'ir-sa,
 Faodaidh nis bhi sgur de'n eudachd—
 Cha chuir m' eudail tuille sgàil orr'.

C' uime, 'Sheònaid, rinn thu m' fhàgail ?
 Cha b' e d' àbhaist bhi 'cur cùl rium :
 C' uime dh' fhàg iad thu 'n ad aonar
 'S rùm gu leòir do d' leannan dlùth ort ?

Luchd nam breuga, 's tìm dhuibh luath-ghair
 Thogail suas ;—ged 's tric gu ñiomhain
 B' aill leibh m' eudail fhàgail fuar rium—
 Feuch mar d' fhuair sibh nis 'ur n-iarrtas !

Anns an oidhche 's duibhe chunnas
 Bristidh rionnag ris air uairibh,
 'S cha bhi 'n geamhradh daonnan fionnar
 Ged tha m' aimheal-sa gu h-uaighe.

Ann an snàith'n na beatha truaigh so
 'S maирg a dhéanadh uaill gun mheasgadh ;
 Far am b' ionmhuiinne leinn buan e
 'S ann a's luithe ni e bristeadh.

'S minic is e chraobh a's grinne
 A ni 'n dealanach a stròiceadh ;
 'S minic is e 'n t-eun a's binne
 A ni 'n t-seobhag nimh a leònadadh.

'N ròs a's grinne dath 's a' ghàradh
 'S e gun dàil a théid a ghlacadh ;
 'S, och nan och ! an eridhe 's blàithe
 'S e 's luithe chàirear fo na leacaibh.

Có b' e thuirt riut “Tir na Dì-chuimhn”
 Uaighe dhuibh ! cha b' fhìrinn dha sud ;
 Dhaibh-san a bheir luchd an gaoil dhuit
 Tir na cuimhne, Tir an cràidh thu !

Ma thig, ré mo chuairt air thalamh,
 Dhòmh-sa tuille aiteal sòlais,
 'S ann, a rùin, an cois nam bruadar
 Bheir gun taing do 'n uaigh sinn còmhla,—

Bruadairean a bhios mar dhearbh dhomh
 Nach ann marbh ach beò a tha thu,
 'S gu 'n tig fathast latha dh' fhaodas
 M' fhaicinn-sa ri d' thaobh geal, gràdhach.

Mo chiad rùn, 's mo rùn gu bràth thu ?
 Gus an càirear leac a's ùir orm
 Bi'dh mo chridhe daonnan làn dhiot.
 Bi 'dh 'n am dhàn 's 'n am chòmhradh cliù ort.



AN T-EILTHIREACH SGIATHANACH

'AN TIR CHEIN.

AIR FONN,—“*A Mhàiri bhòidheach, 's a Mhàiri ghaolach.*”

Oran a rinneadh ri linn fuadacha nan Sgiathanach bho 'n cuid
 fearainn ann an Sléibhte, air a' bhliadhna 1851.

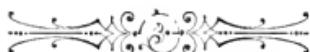
An nochd, 's mi 'm aonar 'an tir nach miann leam,
 S tric tigh'n air m' aire an t-eilean Sgiathach ;
 Ged leig e bhuaith mi air tuar glé mhiapaidh
 Bi'dh gaol glé bhlàth air gu bràth 'n am chliabh-sa.

Mo dhachaidh rùin ! coma leam cia suarach
 An sùilean páirt d' aghaidh cheòthach, chruachach,
 Ged b' ann gu Eden a dh' fhògrar bh' uait mi,
 Cha n- 'eil mi cinnteach nach bithinn gruamach.

O, air son seachdlinn de fheachd na Féinne
 Gu crathadh cruaidh thoirt do 'n chuanal bhreunail,
 Tha, air sgàth siol na circ' liath 's na h-éilde,
 A' creach 's a' cràdh sliochd nan sàrlaoch treun ud!

Na 'm biodh tu tighinn uair eile 'Theàrlaich,
 Feadh ioma gleann 's an robh suinn gun àireamh
 A rachadh uallach gu buaidh no bàs leat
 'S e 'm fiadh 's a chaor' bhiodh amhàin 'eur fàilt' ort.

O, gu ma luath thig an uair a chliotar
 Do thriathan sannach 'an cuing nach caomh leo,
 Sliochd dhaoine còir air gach làmh 'g ad lionadh,
 A's tim nam bàirlinn gu bràth air dì-chuimhn'!



LAOICH-TAOBH-NA-GRIOSAICH.

AIR FONN—“*Fair a nall dhuinn am botul.*”

Chaidh an t-òran a leanas a sgriobhadh ri linn do 'n bhàrd bhi 'n a ghille glé òg, 's a' bhliadhna 1832. Bha 'n Fhraing air an àm a' bagradh dol a chogadh ri Breatunn--ni a thug air luchd-riaghlaidh na tire sin a bhi 'faicinn ionchuidh Feachd-dùthcha a chur air chois. Ghluais an t-òrdugh a thàinig a mach ann an lorg na cuise, àireamh nach b' thìù de ghillean òga air feadh na dùthcha gu bhi a' dian-shireadh teisteanas lighichean tríd am faodadh iad an ainmean féin fhaighinn a mach á àireamh na muinntir a dh' feumadh seasamh ri 'n crann. Chuir sud mòran miothlachd air a' bhàrd, agus thug e dhoibh ann an “Laoich-taobh-na-griosaich” an crònachadh bha dligeach dhoibh. Chaidh an t-òran a tha tighinn 'n a dhéigh—“Suas leis an fhéile phreasach,”—a dheanadh air a' cheart àm, mar mhisneachadh dhoibh-san a bha os ceann dóighean tàireil chaich a leantainn.

'S ann air fearann an fhraoich thàinig caochladh gle mhór,
 Tha laoich-taobh-na-gríosaich innt' lionmhor gu leoír;
 Aig an teine, ma 's fior, tha gach aon fhear 'n a leòmh'n,
 Ach maoidh 'thoirt bho 'n luath, 's cha n- 'eil gruaimean
 air dòigh!

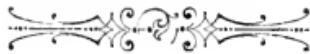
A ghruagaichean ciùin, có ni sùgradh a nis ribh ?
 Ma's fior na fir òg chleachd bhi còmhraiteach ribh,
 'S gann aon ann am fisheadh dhiubh nis, Och a rìgh !
 Nach ann 'an tigh-eiridin bhuiineadh dha 'bhi.

'S i so bliadhna nam bachdach 's feàrr astar na càch,
 'S i so bliadhna nan stacach bheir feairt air na's àill,—
 Bliadhna laoich nan euchd tapaidh 'n àm itheadh a' chàil,
 Ach taig'dhoibh an gunna, 's théid guileag an àird !

Bliadhna laoich na mèis bhrochain,—fir sgaireil gu leòir
 'N àm rùsgadh nan cnap no 'cur core ann am feòil—
 Na 'm b'fhìrinn an deicheadh de 'n leth-sgeulan bròin,
 B' fhaoin eucailean Lasarus làmh ri'n cuid leòn.

Beir bhream iad ! beir bhream iad ! na truaghain gun nàir,
 So slàinte nan sonn ghabh ri'n crannachur le fàilt' !
 'S feàrr aon ghràine sil na làn dùirn de mholl fàs ;
 'S ma théid iadsan thar cuan, 's ann gu buaidh anns gach
 blàr.

Sud nòs gach fior-Ghàidheal anns gach àrfhaich 's am bi
 Iad gualainn ri gualainn, a' bualadh a sios,—
 Ceòl pìoba 'n an cluasan le nuallan neo-chlì,
 'S bàs aithghearr o'n làimh do gach nàmhaid nach strìochd!



BUAIDH LEIS AN FHEILE PHREASACH

AIR FONN.—“*Tha buaidh air an uisge-bheatha.*”

SEISD — Buaidh leis an fhéile phreasach !
 Buaidh leis na laoich do 'n deis' e !
 Cuanal nan euchdan treiseil,
 'S maирg a thogadh sgraing orra.

'N uair tha 'n Flraiging a' bagradh bhuillean,
 'S mithich bhi cur suas na culaidh
 'S tric chuir sgàth air àl nam muilleag,
 'S a dh' fhàg Breataunn ceannsail.
 Buaidh leis, etc.

Coma c' ait' air bith fo 'n ghréin ud
 Gheibhear gillean geal an fhéilidh,
 'S e grad-spadadh no *ratreuta*
 Gheibh gach nàmh thig teann orra.
 Buaidh leis, etc.

Ciùin mar mhaighdeannan trà siochainnt—
 Leòmhainn threun 'an streup nam milte—
 Laoich le 'm b' àille 'm bàs na strìochdad,
 Sud an siol tha 'm ranntachd !
 Buaidh leis, etc.

Có fhuair onair *Fontenöidh*,
Waterloo, 's *Corunna* còmhl' ris ?
 Có ach iadsan nach teich òirleach
 Ged robh còig ri aon fhear.
 Buaidh leis, etc.

Nis uair eile, ma 's feum bualadh
 Ann am bad nam Frangach guanach,
 Clis, mar dhuilleach anns a' chuairt-ghaoth
 Bithidh ruraig gun taing orra.
 Buaidh leis, etc.

A N L O N - D U B H .

A lòin-duibh, a lòin-duibh, is glé bheag tha thu 'm feum
Air bhí teicheadh uam féin le do cheòl ;—

B' e 'n sealgair gun umhail a chuireadh 'n ad dhéigh
An luaidh leis am faodadh do leòn.

A lòin-duibh, a lòin-duibh, 's leat-sa 'n diugh thar gach eun
An ribheid a's feàrr thig ri m' phonn ;

'S dearbh leam nach e idir an fhaireachdainn fhaoin
Dh' fhág d' òran cho dòlasach, trom.

A lòin-duibh, 'bheil do leannan riut coimheach no dùr,
'S i a tabhairt cluas dhùint' do d' cheòl tlàth ?

O, 's cinnteach nach 'eil,—b' ise ghogaid gun tùr
Nach mealladh 's nach maoth'chadh do dhàin.

A lòin-duibh, 'n e gun d' fhuair an druid buaidh ort ri ceòl
Aobhar uaigneach a' bhròin tha 'n ad chrios ?

No 'n d' fhuair thu an nead 's an robh d' iseinean òg
Air a' creachadh le gàrlach gun iochd ?

A lòn-duibh, a lòn-duibh, an d' thug clanhan an t-sléibh
No 'n speireag bhuit d' aon-leannan gràidh,

'G ad fhágail an diugh air an dol so a' caoidh,
Glé dhiamhain, a caomh-chomunn blàth ?

A lòn-duibh, ma 's fior sud, tha mi duilich do d' thaobh,
Le co-fhaireachdainn chaomh, mar is dual

Do neach tha, 'n ad chor, 'faicinn ceart a chor féin :—
Eisd, 'us ìnnsidh mi aobhar mo ghruaim.

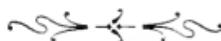
A lòn-duibh, 's dearbh gur cuimhne leat rìbhinn mo ghaoil,
An eailin a b' aobhaiche smuadh.

'S is tric a dh' eisd còmhla rium d' òran 's a' chraoibh,
Ann an coill Bhaile-'n-t-saoir an sud shuas.

A lòn-duibh, mar dhriùchd Màighe fo bhlàth-shùil na gréin'
 Bho 'n talamh rinn m' eudail grad-thriall ;
 Bha h-iomhaigh cho nèamhaidh 's nach iognadh leam fén
 Na h-ainglibh bhi 'n déigh air mo chiall.

A lòn-duibh, a lòn-duibh, nis 'an coille nam blàth—
 Leig leam a bhi làmh riut a' caoidh :
 Cha n- ann do na h-uile eun dh' innsinn-sa fàth
 Trom osnайдhean cràiteach mo chrìdh' !

Ach stadam mo bhròn : 's ole mo chòir air bhi 'caoidh,
 'Cur milleadh air aoibhneas mo ghràidh ;
 B' fheàrr sealltuinn gu fòil air an dòigh auns am faod
 Mi bhi fathasd 'n a caoin-chaidreamh blàth.



TEISTEANAS CHLUUDAIN.

Ged 's muladach ri ràdh e,
 Tha seud am baile làmh riùm
 A chrochadh air son páigheadh
 A' mhàth'ir thug cioch a broillich dha.

LUINNEAG.—Seinn, ruaig nan con air Clùdan !
 Seinn, ruaig nan con air Clùdan !
 Gur mòr an nàir do 'n dùthaich
 An sgrùdair ud bhi fanachd inn't.

Cha bhithinn fén ro-earbsach
 Nach faighear e, tìm fulbh dhi,
 Ri lighich 'deanadh baragan—
 " Mach d' airgiod, 's bheir mi cailleach dhuit."
 Seinn, etc.

Mo thruaigh air gach diol-déirce
 A thig fo iochd a' bhéisd ud,—
 Cha bhiodh iad dh' easbhuidh aoidheachd
 Na 'm fòghnadhl beum a's mionnachadh !
 Seinn, etc.

Cha 'n iongantach an t-sròin sin
 Bhi air ceart dath na mòine,
 'S na tha bho mhoch gu glòmuin
 De shnaoisinn chàich 'g a sparradh innt'.
 Seinn, etc.

Na 'm b' urrainn idir dha-san
 A mhaoin thoirt leis, 'n uair 's bàs dha,
 Cha 'n fhàgadh e aig càch
 Na ni 'n léine-bhàis a cheannach dha.



O R A N - M O L A I D H A I R C O M U N N
 GAIDHEALACH BAILE THORONTO, 1858.

Ciad fàilt' air a' Chomunn an dé a rinn coinneamh
 Gu dùthchas a's duinealas 'chumail a suas—
 Seann-dhùthchas nan Gàidheal, an clùt a's an èanain—
 A' chainnt sin a thàinig bho Adh'mh dhuinn a nuas ;
 Mar sin a's an t-éideadh do'n dualchas a' cheud àite
 'N seòmar nan déile no 'n caonnag nan tuadh ;—
 Sàr-chomunn mo chridhe ! Cha'n ioghnadh ged bhithinn
 An so, mar a's dligheach, a' guidhe dhuibh buaidh.

B'e 'm beud e, da rìreadh, na'n deanamh sibh dì-chuim hn'
 Air Ceòlraidh, 'ur dùthchadh—fior dhùththaich nam Bàrd
 Bho Oisean, a's Faolan gu Donnacha Bàn beul-bhinn,
 Có'n tìr sin fo'n ghréin air a h-aosdain bheir bàrr ?
 Cò'n neach leis nach sòlas bhi'n euideachd luchd òrain ?
 Deagh iomradh 'nan còmhraadh mo stòr agus m' àgh ;
 Bi'bh sibh-se nis dileas do chleachduinn co rioghail,
 'S a chaoidh cha téid dìth air cainnt ghrinn nam beann
 àrd.

Cha n-eòl domh toil-inntinn a's mò na bhi cluinntinn
 Piob mhòr nan dos enaimh-gheal a's fonnmhöire fuaim ;
 'Nuair théid i gu còmhraadh air faiche no'n seòmar,
 B'e 'n ceòl thar gach ceòl leam a torman 'n aìn chluais,
 'N àm lannan a rùsgadh, 's na h-àrmuin do'n rùn i
 Air nàimhdean a' brìchdadadh le gnùisean gun ghruaim,
 Suas "Gillean an Fhéile" air pioban deagh-ghleusach,
 'S cha duilich a leughadh có'n taobh a gheibh buaidh ?
 'S iad cleachduinn nach measa gu neartachadh chrios,
 Bhi 'tilgeadh a' Chabair 's a' cur na Cloich-neirt ;
 'Se sud a rinn làidir ar n-athraichean tà'chdach,—
 Mo thruaigh iad thig ceàrr orr a's stàilinn na'n glaic !
 Am fear leis an suarach bhi 'g altrum no luaidh air
 Gach lùth-chleas grinn, uasal ta'n uair so'n ur beachd,
 Cha deanainn a chàineadh, ged 's cinnteach a tà mi
 Gur siochaire grànd' e bho àl air bheag tlachd.

Ged 's mithich nis dhòmh-sa 'bhi eriochmacha àlh m' òran,
 Tha tuille gu lcòir a bu mhiann leam a ràdh
 Mu dhéighinn na tir sin tha daonnan air m' inntinn—
 Seann-Albainn do-chiosnaicht', do'n Fhìrimh thug gràdh.
 Ciad, soraidh thar chuan bhuaum g'a h-ionnsaidd ! Mo
 chruadal,
 Bhi 'n so, mar eun-fuadain, fad' uaip,— ach ged tha,
 Mu 'n téid ás mo smuainte tir àluinn nan cruach-bheann
 Bithidh 'n eridhe so fuar anns an luathre a' cnàmh !

CLACH ANN AN CARN PHADRUIG.

B' e Pàdrug MacGriogair—an Gàidheal urramach air am bheil na rannan so a' deanamh luaidh—aon de eadar-theangairean bàrdachd Oisean gu Beurla. Bha e, ré iona bliadhna, 'na Cheann-suidhe do Chomunn Gàidhlig baile Thoronto, far an do chaochail e trid Ceud mhios na bliadhna, 1832.

Mo thruaighe mise nach breug dhomh
 An dubh-sgeula gun iarraidh
 Thainig feasgar an dé oirnn,
 Le trom-eislein gu m' lionadh !
 Mo rùn-charaid bu chaoine
 Còmhradh bensan a's iomhaigh,
 A bhi 'n diugh air an déile,
 Och mo léireadh ! 'na shineadh.
 Am fear-cuideachd bha geanail,
 An t-àrd-sgoilear mor-chliuiteach,
 An deas theangair binn-bhileach,
 An sar-sheanachaiddh tùrail,—
 Fear bha spòrsail mu 'n chànan
 Thug a mhàth'ir aig a glùn dha.—
 'S tric a fhuair a cuid nàimhdean
 Buillean-bàis le deagh-rùn bh'uaithe.
 'S beag an t-ioghna a cairdean
 Ann gach àite bhi gruamach.
 'N déigh an dochum do-chàradh
 O cheann ráidhe a fhuair i.
 'S gann a dh-fhuardh fo'n talamh
 An deagh "Sgiathanach*" suairee,
 'Nuair a thilgte 'n gath guineach
 'Rinn 'fhear-cinnidh a bhualadh.

*The late Rev. Alexander MacGregor, of Inverness, whose contributions to Gaelic literature are so widely known and so justly admired.

O ! 'n Gàidheal thar gach Gàidheal
 Rinn e fhàgail 'san tìr so,—
 B' phasa mìle dhiu sheachnadh
 Na esan 'na aonar !
 Tuiteam air mar chraann greadhnach,
 Ni gaoth éitidh a spionadh
 'S gann bu mheasa do 'n Fhéinne
 Fionn e-fein a bhi dhìth orr'.

B' ann leat féin, 'fhir mo chridhe,
 Leis am minic bu spòrs leam
 Bhi 'eur seachad na h-oidhche
 'S a' mhodh chaoimhneil bu nòs leat,
 'S ann an sud bhiodh an ionairst
 Air cèdli fhiodhall a's òrain,
 Gun dad dì-chuimhn air euchdan
 Ghaisgich threunail tìr m' òige.

Có a nis 'na Cheann-suidhe
 Ann ad ionad-sa chàirear
 Aig a' Chomunn do 'n robh thu
 'D ursainn-catha cho làdir ?
 Spiorad Oisean 'n ad chridhe,
 'S a dhàin mhilis 'n ad bhlàth-ghuth ;
 'S gann bu mhodha chuis-éibhneis
 Leinn e-fein bhi 'n ad àite !

Ciod an stà a bli dubhach ?
 Cha toir cunha bho 'n Eug thu ;
 Mile beannachd, mata, leat ;
 'S Rìgh nan gràs a bhi réidh riut !
 Gu ma buan do chàrn-cuimhne,
 'S e tré linntean an déigh so
 Measg luchd-labhairt na Gàidhlig
 'N àird 's ni's àirde ag éiridh.

AN CEANNAICHE EUCORACH.

B' e'n "ceannaiche," Gàidheal mosach a bha car iomadh bliadhna 'n a fhear-malairt ann an aon de bhaile Ontario.—fear a dh' fhàs beairteach le 'bhi 'gabhlail cothrom air daoine còire a mhuinnit a dhùthcha féin, air do'n éiginn a bhi 'g an cur fo a chomraich.

Fhir mhaoil nam beusan sionnachail,
 'S a' mhaoin a chinn gun bheannachadh,
 B' fheàrr leam dol bàs le gainne
 Na bhi'n cas-bheairt fear do chliù.

A bhiastag mhosach, mhàganach,
 Gur maирg a chanadh Gàidheal riut;
 Bhi 'deanadh 'n dia de *Mhammon*
 Cha b'e abhaist sliochd mo rùin.

Cha n-ionann 's tusa, 'shiochaire,
 A chinn le spùnn a's spìocaireachd;
 Cuis ghràin do dhaoine dìreach thu,—
 B'e'm beud thu bhi 'n an cuirt.

Na 'n cuirinn sìos na chuala mi
 Mu d' chleasan lùbach, cuairteagach,
 Bhiodh daoine còir, a's luath-choin leo,
 'G ad ruagadh ás an dù'ich.

Na 'm faigheadh muinntir éiginneach
 An deicheadh de 'n a reub thu uap',
 Am màireach bu diol-déirce thu,—
 Dhuit féin 's math 's aithne 'chuis.

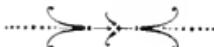
Ma 's flor na thu'irt an gnàth-fhoal
 Mu dheireadh luchd droch abhaisteann,
 Thig latha ort nach fàgar leat
 Na chàras tu fo 'n ùir.

Gabh earail,—sguir de d' mhì-lìeusan
 Air neo 's e cainb 's ceann-crìche dhuit,
 'S do bhràth'ir, am fitheach ciocrasach,
 'G a d thìodhlacadh 'n a bhrù!

A N R O S.

Chunnaic mi an dé fo bhlàth
 Ròsan bha de bhòichead làn—
 Flùr bu mhath leam fada slàn,
 'S driuchd nan nèamh mar lòn dha.
 Ach an diugh, 's mo shùil 'n a dhéigh,
 Feuch blàth-bòidheach an là dé
 Le cheann lùlte, 's beachain bhreun
 Air gach taobh 'g a stròiceadh !

Leasan dhuit-se, éiteag chiùin
 Dh' fhaodas a bhi 'g éisdeachd rium,—
 'N uair a's mò do chòir air rùn
 'S ann 's mò d' fheum air faicill ;
 Oir, mar bheachain measg nam blàth,
 Tha Foill, Cùl-chainnt 's Eud, a ghnàth,
 Deas gu d' bhruthadh ;—seall, mata,
 Nach bi 'n àilleas aca.



G O I D B H E A N N A B A I N N S E.

AIR FONN,—“*Gillean an fhéilidh.*”

“Hug a's horò ! 'illean 's e 'bhanais i !
 Hug a's horò ! ithibh a's òlaibh !
 Hug a's horò ! sláinte a's sonas dhi—
 Bean-bainnse lurainach Baran na Sròine !”
 Ach coma cia sùrdail
 Bha 'm Baran 's a lùchairt
 Cha b' ann mar sud sùrd na h-òigh chiùin bu chùis glòir
 dhoibh,
 Dé so dhùisg smalan dhi ?
 'N dùileag ! 's ann dh' aindeoин di
 Thàtar 'g a ceangal ri Baran na Sròine.

“Greas, greas, a Dheòrs’ thar a mhunadh ort!

‘Stigh air Gleannfionnart gu h-ealamh gu d’ Mhòraig!
Greas, greas, mar math leat a’ chruinneag ud

‘Nochd a bhi laidhe le Baran na Sròine! ”

Gun éisdeachd ri tuille,

Gu h-aigeantach, ullamh

Chaidh Deòrsa do’n mhunadh le buidhean mhath còmh’iris:

Sud mar an dealanach

Null thar a’ bhealach iad!

Eiridh an donas do Baran na Sròine!

Uist! uist! cluinnibh a’ bhuidhinn ud

Grad a’ cur stad air gach cleasachd a’s òran!

“Theich a’ bhean òg le Deòrsa nan Tullachain!

Clis ás an déighidh gach duine ’s an t-seòmar!”

‘S e’n sealladh b’ fhiach fhaicinn

An iomairt bha aca

Feadh chàrn agus chnoca gu teth anns an tòir ud,

‘S am Baran, gu treunail,

‘N am meadhon ag éigheach,

“Buaile bhò-laoigh ’n fhear bheir greim dhomh air
Deòrsa!”

‘S mall, ‘s mall, a bhodaich a leanas tu,—

Till, till, ‘s dean cailleach a phòsad!

Mur maith leat droch dhioi bhi ort féin a’s na bluineas
dhuit,

Mholainn dhuit fuireachd fad claidheamh bho Dheòrsa.

Bha fathasd na reultan

‘S an athar, ’n àm tearnadh

Do Dheòrsa ’s do cheud rùn air taobh eile Chòmhlaill.

An ruig mi leas innseadh

Mu ’n bhanais ùr, riombach

Glé luath bu cheann-crìche do threubhantas Dheòrsa.



C R O N A N - C A D A I L
LEANABH BEAN A' CHIBEIR.

Is cuimhne leam, air dhomh bhi fathasd ann am ghiullan beag, a bhi 'g éisdeachd, le toileachas mòr, ri séisd an òrain a leanas 'g a sheinn le mnaoi chòir a b' aithne dhomh, mar òran-cadail do leanabh-clèche. Air dhomh a bhi nis a' eur an ceangal ris rannan, freagarrach do spiorad a' chiùil, 's e an ni bha na 'm aire crònan cho milis a chumail air chuimhne. So agaibh, mata, an oidhrip a thug mi air sin a dheanamh.

AIR FONN.—“*Siud o, siud i, siud m' ullachan,—*
Cha chiùrr mi thu, 's cha bhualt mi thu.”

SEISD :—O bà, O bà, mo chiallan beag !
 Gu 'm bheil mi air mo phianadh leat !
 O bà, O bà, mo nionag bheag,
 Cha n-fhaigh mi fear am bliadhna dhuit !

O caidil elis, mo chìocharan !—
 Ged 's faoin dhomh bhi g'a innseadh dhuit,
 'S ole thig do chéile ciobaire,
 A' chuibhioll a bhi dìomhanaich.
 O bà, O bà, etc.

Ma thig an latha phòsas tu,
 Bi'dh feum air plaide chlòimh agad ;
 A's gheibh thu sin, ma 's beò dhuinn e,
 Le deise bhreacain còmhla ris.
 O bà, O bà, etc.

Cha taghainn-se mar chéile dhuit
 Fear-nialairt carach, beul-bhreugach ;
 'S e b' annsa leam ri d' thaobh geal-se,
 Fear-baile a's crodh-laoigh aige.
 O bà, O bà, etc.

Am fear a gheibh mo leanabh-se,
 Bi'dh tochradh aige dh' fhanas leis
 'N a dreach 's na dòighean banalta,—
 B'e dual a dream bhi ceanalta.
 O bà, O bà, etc.

Uist! uist! a ghràidh ghil, uaineinich,—
 Cha b' àill le d' mhàth'ir bhi gruamach riut,
 'S a' bhlàth na d' chruth 's na d' ghruidhean rùin
 Gur h-ann o nèamh a fhuair mi thu.

O bà, O bà, etc.

Mu dheireadh thall, mo rùnag bheag,
 Tha do dhà shùil ghorm dùinte nis ;
 'N uair thig, a ghràidh, tìm dùsgadh dhuit
 Bi'dh broilleach bànn 'g a rùsgadh dhuit !

O bà, O bà, etc.



GUILEAG BEAN OG AN T-SEANN-DUINE.

AIR FONN.—“*Brigis Mhic-Ruaridh.*”

A thé sin le 'n deònach
 Buan-aireachas brònach,
 Dean bodach a phòsadhbh le buaile thiugh ;
 'S ma 's math leat bhi reòidh-te
 'Am meadhan an òg-mhios,
 Le laitse de 'n t-seòrs' ud cha truagh leam thu.

SEISD.—Mo thruaigh, mo thruaigh an té sin r'a beò
 'Gheibh seann-duine breòite fuaighe rithe'!
 Fhuair mise fear grinn dhiubh,—
 Ged bhiodh e 's na h-Innsibh
 Bhiodh gearan gun tàmh air an fhuachd aige ;
 'S ged chunnta tu sios dha
 Uil'-ionmhas na rioghachd
 Cha deanadh tu 'chriombaireachd fhuadachadh.

Ma bheir mi do 'n fheumach
 An crioman a's faoine
 'S e bagradh a's beum gheibh mi bhuaithe-san ;
 'S Di-dònaich do 'n eaglais
 Cha téid e, air air eagal
 An ladar bhi tighinn m'a thuaiream innt'.
 Mo thruaighe, etc.

Le cànan a's casdaich
 A leithid cha 'n flacas,
 'S e 'n impis bhi tachdte—mo thruaigh mi leis !
 Daor phoca na plàighe—
 Cha ghabhadh tu páigheadh
 'S bhi mionaid 'n a fhàile 'n uair bhuaileas air !
 Mo thruaighe, etc.

'N uair théid e gu m' leaba,
 Ged bhithinn gun chadal,
 Cha sùgradh no mire a's dualach dha,
 Ach srann agus ròmhan
 Mar mhada 'n cùil-mòine ;—
 Cha b' ionnan 's fear òg dheanamh cluaineis rium.
 Mo thruaighe, etc.

Mo chreach air an là sin
 A thug mi mo làmh dha !
 Cha robh ann ach feàrna 'n uair b' uaine e—
 Stoc reudanach, gealaicht'
 Gun duilleach, gun fhaillein,—
 B' e deireadh gach donais bhi fuaighte ris !
 Mo thruaighe, etc.



GILLEAN GLUN-GHEAL NAM BREACAN.

AIR FONN.—“*S beag mo shuind ris an lionn.*”

SEISD.—Thogainn cliù nam fear ùr
 A chuir ùigh anns an tarstan !
 B' e mo rùn bhi 'n an chìrt,
 Gillean glùn-gheal nam breacan !

Mo rùn fèin na gillean àigh
 A ní Ghàidhlig a chleachdainn :
 Laoich do 'n dualchas buaidh no bàs
 Sud dhuibh àrmuinn nam breacan :
 Thogainn cliù, etc.

'Cluich no gleachd—air muir no raon—
 B' e 'n dual daonnan bhi smachdail ;—
 'S beag an t-ioghua iad bhi treun
 'S fuil na Féinne fo 'n bhreacan !
 Thogainn cliù, etc.

An àm tachairt ris an nàmh
 'S ceart gu leòir aon ri seachd leo' ;
 Bhi 'g an gearradh sios mar chàl
 B' e sud nòs sliochd nam breacan.
 Thogainn cliù, etc.

A bhi 'g aithris air gach buaidh
 A tha fuaighte ri 'n eachdraidh
 Cha bhiodh deireadh gu Là-luain
 Dhomh bhi luaidh air a' bhreacan.
 Thogainn cliù, etc.

Breacan ballach nan dath grinn—
 'S tric a dhion e bho 'n t-sneachd mi ;
 'S tric le caileag laghach, chiùin
 Rinn mi sùgradh fo 'n bhreacan.
 Thogainn cliù, etc.

Eideadh 's aosmhoire ta ann—
 'N uair bu ghann gheibhte craicionn
 Aig mac Sasunnaich mu 'mhàs
 Chaith na Gàidheil am breacan !
 Thogainn cliù, etc.

Mar bhogh'-froise nan speur
 Do na neulta tha 'n taic ris,
 Tha 'n am shùil-sa thar gach bréid,
 Crùn gach éideadh, am breacan !
 Thogainn cliù, etc.

'S beag mo bharail air an rìgh
 A chuir dìth air car tacan ;
 'S ro-mhath thoill am bodach grànnnd'
 Cuimhne thàireil bho 'n bhreacan.
 Thogainn cliù, etc.

Nis, le gloineachan lom-làn,
 'S iolach àrd bho gach macan,
 So deoch-sláinte Tir an Fhraoich,
 Fearann greadhnaich nam breacan !
 Thogainn cliù, etc.



A MEASG NAM MARBH.

Faodaiddh 'mhuinntir tha làthair, le gràdh do na dh-fhalbh,
 Le flùrain bhi 'sgèimheachadh còmhnuidh nam marbh,
 A's carraighean-cuimhn' bhi toirt iomradh glé chluin
 Air na miltean tha 'tàmh an so, 'n sàmhchair na h-ùir,—

Ach, Uaigh, coma lean cia co grinn os do cheann
 Gheibhear cinneas nam blàth no ceòl àlach nan crann,
 Thug thu bhuam-sa na chumas mi 'n cian bhios mi beò
 'G ad chunntas mar nàmhaid neo-ghràsail gu leòir.

A spùinneadair a crach! 's ceist leam am bheil braon'
 'S a' mhuir ud ma choinneamh gach neach do chlann daoin'
 A fhuaire thu fo d' iochd, bho linn Abeil a nuas,
 'S nach dùisg gus am feum thu do reubainn thoirt suas.

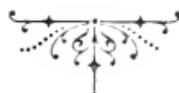
Do'n òg mar do'n aosda—do'n fhaoin mar do'n ghlic,
 Do'n lag mar do'n làidir tha d' fhàilte-se 's d' iochd;
 'S co-ionnan do d' sgòrnau am bòidheach 's an ciar,
 'S tha'm baigeir 's an rìgh air an t-aon chor 'n ad ghial.

A gheòcaire dhuaichmidh gun truas, a's gun ghràs,
 'S tric dh' fhàg thu am maothran a' caoineadh a nhàth'r,
 'S a ghlais thu bho leannan a' gràidh an òigh chiùin
 Bha daonna mar aingeal 'am fradharc a shùil.

Ach, Uaigh, air a lughad 's tha dh-iochd ann ad chliabh,
 'S an déighidh gach deur a chaidh dhòrtadh ort rianh,
 Cha n-'eil thu gun chàirdean gu leòir anns gach tìr :—
 A' chaileag ro-chaoin thug a gaol do fhear daoidh—

A' bhantrach a' taoma nan deur os do cheann,
 'S am Bàs uaip' air reubadh a céile 's a clann—
 An t-eas-shlàinteach, fada air leaba 'g a chràdh,
 'S an t-aosda fann, sgìth—leo-san 's prìseil do thàmh.

A's esan gu sònraicht'—an naomh-dhuine liath
 Trìd Gleann-sgàil-a'-bhàis a' luath-theàrnadh gun fhiamh,
 Mar gu cadal na h-oidhche an saothraiche sgith
 'S ann le failte a's taing théid e'n sealbh air do shìth,



MNATHAN AN TI.

AIR FONN.—“*The Laird o' Cockpen.*”

'Illean, nach mise bha 'm bhurraidh bochd, traugh.
 'N uair chreid mi 'n sgeul baoth dh' fhàg ri m' thaobh an
 té ruadh ?
 “S e fèin fear an àigh a gheibh Màiri” thuirt mì,—
 “Ma's fior dhomh an aithris, cha bhuin i ri tì.”

Bean gun a leithid, na 'n creidinn a màthair,
 Air son banas-tighe, grunnnd, mòdh agus nàir ;—
 'N a beachd-sa, bu chòir dhomh bhi spòrsail mar rìgh
 Na 'm faighinn a' chaileag bha cona mu 'n tì.

Có ach mo leannan mar bhanarach spréidh !
 Có cho deas-làmhach 'an seòmar ri gréis !
 Có aig a' chuibheall no 'clobhadh an lin
 Bu treise na 'ghruagach bha snarach mu 'n tì !

Neo-choltach ri ioma té eile mu 'n cuairt
 A sguabas dhuit gloine gun choiteachadh suas,
 B' fheàrr leatha dol bàs na làn meurain chur sios—
 Deagh-bheus tha glé ainneamh 'measg mnathan an tì.

Ach thachair am pòsadh—'Mhuire nam buadh !
 Faic sinn nis còmhla 'm bothan na truaigh !
 Thàinig na páisdean, Ochain, a rìgh !
 A's dh-amais mo Mhàiri dol air an tì.

A nis, ged tha 'n olainn gun ghainne mu 'n spàrr,
 Seallaibh am burraidh 's na ragan mu mhàs !
 Cha tearc, air mo chùla, an druthag 'dol sios !
 'S gu 'n reiceadh i 'ceud-ghin a dh-fhaotainn an tì.

Ged 's ainmic a h-aire air fuinneadh no fuagh'!
 'S leatha 'n t-urram oir clobha, 's tha bhuil air mo chnuaic;
 Le olcas a bleoghan chaidh *Cheann-fhionn* an dìosg,
 'S gu 'n cumadh i obair ri tobar le tì.

Ann am margadh nan òigh 's e 'm fear gòrach gun tuar
 A ghabhas mar fhìrinn gach ni thig g'a chluais ;
 Gu'm b' fheàrr dha ròp-croiche mu 'amhaich na bhi
 An ceangal ri beanag do 'n iodhal an tì !



FAILTE CALLUINNE

GU IAIN MAC-'ILLE-MHAOIL, duin'-uasal a mhuinntir Ghleanna-garr
 aidh 'an tir Chanada, agus do'n ionad-còmhnaidh a nis baile
 Thoronta. Oidhche na Calluinn, 1880.

Caluinn chridheil, shunndach, Iain,
 Guidheam-sa, le mòr-rùn, dhuit !
 Ged 's fhada bhuam thu, òigfhir shuaирce,
 Olam cuach le sòlas ort :
 So do shlàinte ! Cridhe 's blàithe
 Na tha 'tàmh fo d' chòta-sa
 Ma tha ri fhaotainn air an t-saogh'l so
 Cha mhi fhéin fhuair eòlas air.

Ged 's fada 'n céin bho Thìr an Fhraoch
 An tir 's an deachadh d' àrachadh,
 'S glé ainmic aig an tigh no'n taobh so
 Aon le leth do ghràdh-sa dhi.
 Tha dearbh nach faoin air sud 'n ad ghaol
 Air a' cainnt aosda, shàr-mhaiseach—
 A' Ghàidhlig mhilis thig bho d' bhilibh
 Binn mar ghuth na clàrsaiche.

O, fhir a's uaisle cridhe 's beus !
 Gun taing de d' aogas saighdeireil
 Cha mhinic gheibhear fear cho làn
 De chneasdachd, báigh a's caoimhnealas.
 Na fhuair mi féin de d' chomunn ciùin
 Bi'dh fada 'm shùil mar oighreachd leam,
 'S mo dhùil ri tuille dheth gun dàil
 A' toirt, mar 's coir dha aoibhneas dhomh.

Cha 'n ioghna caileagan glé ghrinn
 Bhi 'n tì air gaol a mhealladh uait,— .
 'S i bean an àigh thar mìle té
 An té sin a gheibh gealladh bhuit.
 Tog ort, mata, a's tagh gun dàil
 An leug a's àille 'd shealladh dhiubh ;
 Ma gheibh thu leatha miann a' bhàird,
 'S leat gean a's gràdh nach dealaich riut.
 Seadh, faigh dhuit bean bhios modhail, caoin,
 Bean ghnìomhach, ghaolach, mhìn-bhriathrach,
 Té 'labhras Gàidhlig, 's i maraon,
 Bho dhaoine measail, siolmhorach.
 Gu togail suas a's cumail buan
 Deagh ainni air sluagh na tire-so,
 Cha tuille 's còrr, an iarr no 'n oir,
 Siol dhaoine còire, firinneach.

A nuas gu m' fhaicinn,—thig gun dàil !
 Bi'dh agad fàilte chridheil uam ;
 Bi'dh Gàidhlig againn tric mu 'n bhòrd,
 Bi'dh pailteas ceòl a's dibh' againn ;
 Bi'dh duanaireachd bàird bhinn nam beann
 A' dùsgadh roinn d' ar eridhealas,
 A's bean-an-taighe, mar ri m' chlann,
 Ort, mar air prionnsa, 'frithealadh !



BROSNACHADH-CATHA BHRUIS AIG
ALLT-A'-BHONNAICH.

(*Eadartheangaichte bho 'n Bheurla.*)

A laochraiddh thug le *Wallace* buaidh,
'S tric le *Bruce* rinn cogadh cruaidh ;
'Ur beatha 'n diugh gu fois na h-uaigh,
No buaidh a's onoir shlòr !

'S e so an là, 's e so 'cheart uair
Bhi 'm bad 'ur nàmh le stàilinn chruaidh :
Feuch feachd righ Iomhair 'maoidheadh truaigh
A's daorsa bhuan d' ar tìr :

Có na thraoigheir feallta ta ?
Có na chladhaire gun stà ?
Có, le thoil, a bhiodh na thràill ?
Clis gu m' chùla sibh !

Có, as leth rìgh Alb' 's a chòir
Le claidheamh cruaidh a bhuaineadh glòir—
Bhi saor, a'm bàs no 'm beatha, 'dheòin ?
Air aghaidh leam gu gnìomh !

Air sgàth saorsa dhuinn 's d' ar sliochd
'N diugh, 's a chaoidh, bho chuing gun iochd,
Bheir sinn buaidh a mach 's a' ghleachd,
Ged b' ann le fuil ar crì !

Sgrios air ball do 'n fheall-righ bhreun !
Biodh nàmhaid marbh an lorg gach beum !—
Chuni tìr ar gràidh bhi àghmhor, saor,
Nis, buaidh no bàs 's an strì !

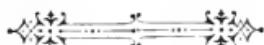
CUIREADH GAIDHEALACH.

Earrann de rannan a' chaidh a sgriobhadh ann an ainm Comunn Albannach Baile-n-righ, mar chuireadh do'n luchd-dùthcha gu coinneamh mhòr a bba gu bhi aca air a' bhliadhna 1863.

Fheara dùthcha,
Feuch a' dlùth'chadh
Là nan lùth-chleas,
Mire 's sùgradh,
'S gillean glùn-gheal
A' cur smùid dhiubh
'Tilgeadh 'n uird 's a' mhòr-chabair !

Buaidh le còmhlan
Nam fear mòrail
Leis an sòlas
Piob a's òran !
Siol gun fhòtus
Nam beann ceòthar,
Có nach bitheadh còmhla riuth' !

Comunn uallach
Nan nòs uasal ;
Fliuch no fuar e
Bhithinn shuas leo.
Thug na fhuair mi
Féin de 'n suairceas
Aonta nuadh de m' bige dhomh !



RANNAN GU CAILEAN SIOSAL.

'Se'n duin'-uasal air an do chuireadh an "fhàilte" so aon do 'n
chuideachd ainmeil sin, Comunn Gàidhlig Ionarnis. Bha e
roimhe sin ré iomadh bliadhna 'na Cheann-suidhe aig Comunn
na Gàidhlig ann an Lunnain. Tir Chanada, Latha na Bliadhna'
úir, 1877.

Bliadhna mhath ùr dhuit, a Chailein !
 Bu tu féin smior-cridhe Ghàidheil ;
 Fear nam beusan duineil, allail,
 Fear na h-inntinn chridheil, bhàigheil.
 Cuimhneachadh air meul an t-sonais
 Bh' agam tric 'n ad chomunn càirdeil,
 'S beag an t-ioghna ged a chanainn,
 Gu ma fada subhach, slàn thu !

'S tric mi 'caoidh a' mhuir mhòr shaluinn
 A bhi eadar mi 's do chòmhradh ;
 B' fheàrr leam leth-uair taobh do theallaich
 Na ceud bliadhna 'n taobh so 'n mhòr-chuan,
 Fleadh a's ceòl a's òrain ullamh,
 'S gach ni eile mar bu nòs leinn—
 Nach ann againn bhiodh an Nollaig
 'Nam bu leinn bhi'n nochd ceart còmhla !

Cha d' aom riamh gu leannan-falaich
 Gille 'n gaol le cail cho sùgach
 'S a bhiodh agam-s', aon uair eile
 Tigh'n an sealladh tir mo dhùchais.
 Beannachd oirre 's ort-sa, 'charaid !
 Coma ciamar bhios a chùis ud,
 Gus an téid an úir chur tharam
 Cha bhi gainne air mo rùn duibh.

Beannachd eile le mòr chàirdeas
 Dh'ionnsuidh 'n àrmuinn sin, MacMhurchaidh :*
 Gu ma fada buaidh thar gràisg leis,
 Milleadh bàis air sàil gach urchair !
 Teachd 'nam measg mar bhristeadh-faire
 An deigh oidhche ghàbhaidh, dhorchá,
 B' ole an airidh air na Gàidheil
 Mur bi 'oidhirp ghràsail soirbheach.
 Fàilte, cuideachd, dh'ionnsuidh Blaickie,
 Filidh mear na cruite sàr-bhinn ;
 Fear na teanga sgiolta, sgaiteach,
 Ursuinn-catha dheas na Gàidhlig !
 Gu ma buan e a' cur sgapadh
 Air na coin a bheireadh bàs dhi,
 'S laoch mar thu-sa leis 'g an cnapadh ;
 Co nach bitheadh leibh an sàs annt' ?



MAIRI CHREAG-A'-GHARAIDH.

AIR FONN.—“*Bìrlinn bhàn a' chùbaир.*”

Sealgaireachd an làn-daimh,
 Dhaibhsan leis an àill sud,
 Dhòmh-sa samh an t-sàile,
 'S ailmi mo ghràidh na m' chumail.

SEISD.—Sud agaibh an iùbhrach,
 'Dh' fhàs siùbhlach murrach,
 Màiri Chreag-a'-ghàraidh,
 Mo bhàta lurach.

* John Murdoch, Esq., editor of *The Highlander*, Inverness, Scotland.

'S tric, mo leannan cliùiteach,
 Chaidh mi 'n ceann le sùrd leat,
 'S cèach le acfhuinn bhrùite,
 Fo chroinn rùisgte ruith leis.

Sud thu 'n sùil na h-iar-ghaoith,
 Gu d' cheann-uidhe dian-dhol,
 Mar troimh neòil na h-iarmailt,
 Chìtear triall na h-iolair'.

Ri àm ruith nan réisean,
 Mach 's a' chòmh-stri gheur thu
 Mar gum faicte faoileann;
 'Snàmhadh caoil 'measg thunnag.

Coma cò 'm fear uaibhreach
 Bheireadh dhioit am fuaradh,
 Bu leat falach-cuain air —————
 Aig ceann shuas do thuruis.

'Nuair thig àm an iasgaich,
 Cò ach thusa chiad aon,
 Fear nan lann ag iarraidh
 Cheart cho dian ri sulair.

Cha bu tusa mhàldag
 Thilleadh mar a dh-ìmàg thu ;
 'S ann a chleachd mo Mhàiri,
 Liontan làn o'n bhuinne.



R A N N - N O L L A I G E ,

Gu ALASTAIR MAC COINNICH, an t-eachdraiche ann an Ionarnis.

Latha Nollaig, 1880.

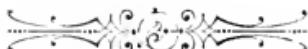
Mhic-Cheinnich, Mhic-Cheinnich, mo bheannachd gu
bràth ort !

'S tu féin le d' pheann deas dh' fhàg mo thigh-sa glé
stràiceil ;

Cha n- ioghsa gach neach a tha 'n diugh ann fo m' chùram
Bhi mar rium a' dian-ghuidhe, Bliadhna mhath ùr dhuit.

Seadh, bliadhna mhath ùr, le mòr chliù, mar a's dligheach,
Dhuit féin a's do d' chéile—an éiteag bhlàth-chridheach ;
Ma gheibh sibh an deicheamh de ghuidhe a' bhàird dhuibh
Cha n-'eil iad ach gann do 'm buin roinn leth cho lànail.

Air d' ais ort gun dàil ! Fàilte Theàrlaich do d' shìnnnsir
'S leat cinnteach an ath-uair a thig thu do 'n tir so :
Na 'm faicinn thu 'd shuidhe uair eile 'n am chùirt-sa,
Gu 'm bithinn cho storrail ri coileach air dùnan.



O R A I N G H A O I L .

O R A I N G H A O I L.

MALI BHOIDHEACH.

AIR FONN,—“*Ho ró, mo nigh'n donn bhòidheach,
Mo nigh'n donn bhòidheach, bheadarrach.*”

SEISD.—Mo rùn-sa Mali bhòidheach,—
Mo rùn-sa Mali mhodhail, bhanail ;
'S ioma fear tha 'n tòir oirr' :
Mo rùn-sa Mali bhòidheach.

Mo rùn a' chaileag chaoin-chridheach
Bha 'n dé leam buain an eòrna,—
An lurag gheal ! na 'm faotainn-sa,
Bhiodh i ri m' thaobh an còmhnu
Mo rùn-sa, etc.

Mar eala 'measg nam faoileagan,
No 'n ròs ri taobh nan sòbhlrag,
Sud agaibh 'measg nam nionagan
An rìbhinn so a leòn mi.
Mo rùn-sa, etc.

O 'n chiad uair fhuair mi cothrom
Air bhi rithe 'faighinn còmhradh
Cha dlùithe leanas m' fhaileas rium,
Na ionhaigh Mali bhòidheach.
Mo rùn-sa, etc.

Cha n- e iad bhi co ciùin-ghorm
 Dh' fhág a stíleán leam cho bòidheach,
 Ach mi bhi tric a' leughadh 'n sud
 A gaol air fear nan bran.
 Mo rùn-sa, etc.

Greas, greas, a ghrian, an latha sin
 Chi mise 's Mali pòsda ;
 'S 'n uair thig an oidhche, fuirich seachdainn
 Cùl nan enoc, ma 's déòin leat !
 Mo rùn-sa, etc.



OIGHRIG BHOIDHEACH ACHACURRACH.

AIR FONN,—“ *Young Munro.* ”

SEISD :— Rùn mo chléibh-sa 'n éiteag lurach,
 Maighdean ghrinn a' mheadhoin chaoil,—
 Oighrig bhòidheach Achacurrach,
 'S iona gille thug dhi gaol.

'N raoir, 's mi air mo leaba 'bruadar,
 Shaoil mi, 'luaidh, thu bhi ri m' thaobh ;
 Dhùisg an sólas tuille 's luath mi,—
 B' fhada bhuam thu 'n sin, a ghaoil !
 Rùn mo chléibh, etc.

'S truagh gun a bhi 'n diugh, 's tu làmh rium,
 Aon uair eile 'n sgàth nan geug
 Far an tric mu d' mhuinneal tlà-gheal
 Bha mo làmh, 's mo bheul ri d' bheul.
 Rùn mo chléibh, etc.

C' uin' a rìs 'an coill Dhailcheanna
 'Bhios bàird bheag nam preas, le eud,
 'G éisdeachd leam do choireall binnealt
 Dh' fhàg neo-mhilis an euid theud ?
 Rùn mo chlícibh, etb.

Ciod an stà dhomh a bhi 'g innseadh
 Maise d' ionhaigh ghlan gun bheud ?
 Dealbh mo ghaoil a tharruing cinnteach
 'S bàrd a'm mìle dheanamh feum !
 Rùn mo chléibh, etc.

Stadaibh gus an tig an t-samhuinn,—
 Bi'dh lionn-dubh air euid nach saoil,
 'Faicinn Oighrig, neo-ar-thaing dhaibh,
 'N a bean-bainns' aig fear a gaoil !
 Rùn mo chléibh, etc.



ANNA AORACH.

AIR FONN,—“*Màiri laghach.*”

SEISD :—Hò ro, m' Anna Aorach,
 M' Anna ghaolach, chiùin,—
 Bean mo rùin-sa daonnan
 Fad' o m' thaobh no dlùth,—
 M' eudail thar gach caileag
 Riamh a chunnaic sùil,
 'S ann glé tlínn a tha mi
 Bho 'n a dh' fhàg thu 'n Dùn.

'N uair tha 'n sàmhradh gràsail
 Nis, le failte shnaire,
 Air Gleann-Aora 'fagail
 Deise 's àille snuadh—
 Brata gorm làn bhlàithean
 Air gach blàr a's bruach—
 Anna, cha b' e 'n tim e
 Bhi 'g ad ionndrain uam !
 Hò ro, etc.

Anna, 's gann a dh' fhàg thu
 Bhi 'n ad phàisdein maoth
 'N uair a las do chiatachd
 Teas-ghràdh dian 'n am chrì—
 Gaol a chinne le m' làithean
 'S nach faigh bàs a chaoidh :
 Ma's math leat làn-chimnt' air,
 'S e so'n t-àm bhi nios !
 Hò ro, etc.

Faodaiddh tìr nam machair
 Bhi 'n ad bheachd glé mhòr,
 Ach 's e tìr do dhaoine
 Ort a's airde còir.
 Greas, mata, mu 'n seachd oirnu'
 Aimsir ait nan ròs,—
 Greas, a's fàg Gleann-Aora
 'N a cheart Eden dhòmh-s' !
 Hò ro, etc.

Nach b' e sud an t-éibhneas
 Bhi le m' ghaol ri tim
 Bleaghan a' chruidh nuallach,
 'S iad mu 'n bhuaile cruinn,—
 Sùrd air lionadh chuman
 Aig gach cruinneag ann,
 'S tusa 'n sin mar smèòrach
 "Toirt dhoibh ceòl neo-ghann !
 Hò ro, etc.

Dùn nan coillte cnuthach
 'S nan sruth fallain, fuar,—
 Dùn nan dearc 's nan subhag,—
 Có a dh-fhanadh uaith !
 Toradh na cìr-nheala
 'S leinn an sud gun luach,
 'S gheibh sinn airson fion ann
 Bainne blàth nan cuach.
 Hò ro, etc.



M A I R E A R A D.

AIR FONN,—“ *Up, an' war them a' Willie!* ”

SEISD :—Seinn O, 's ceanail, caoimhneil, ceanail,
 O, 's ceanail Mairearad !
 Seinn O 's ceanail, beusuch, banail
 Gaol mo chridhe, Mairearad !

Mo rùn gu bràth a' ghruagach àigh
 A thoill bhuam gràdh do-sheargadh ;
 B'e 'm bàrd gun tùr d' am b' eòl mo rùn
 Nach togadh cliù air Mairearad.
 Seinn, etc.

Cha ghaol o 'n dé thug mise dhi—
 'S ann thòisich e 's mi 'm bhalachan ;
 Bho sin a nuas, gun chaochladh tuar,
 'S i reul mo luaidh-sa Mairearad.
 Seinn, etc.

Cha 'n ioghna maighdeanan glé bhriagh
 Bhi ri mo chiall làn farmaid—
 Cha n-ioma bantighearna fo 'n ghréin
 Thig suas ri ceutachd Mairearad.
 Seinn, etc.

Ged 's binn a sheinn dhuinn Donnacha Bàn
 Mu sgiambh a Mhàiri, 's dearbh leam
 Nach biodh a bhòsd m'a dreach có mòr
 Nam b' eòl dha maise Mairearad.
 Seinn, etc.

Ged 's math a' chòir bh' aig bàrd Ghlinnsmeòil
 A Mhàiri féin a dhealbh dhuinn,
 Nan tuiteadh dhi bhi 'n sud r'a linn
 'S ann bhiodh e 'seinn mu Mhairearad.
 Seinn, etc.

'N là chailleas i a h-àit' am chri-s',
 Mo làmh dhuibh, 's duinne marbh mi ;
 Oir, ré mo chuairt air talamh shuas
 Cha sguir mo luaidh air Mairearad.
 Seinn, etc.



BLATH BOIDHEACH SHRON-AN-T-SITHEIN.

AIR FONN,—“*Mo nighean dubh cha trèig mi,*”

SEISD:—Seinn cliù na h-ùr-bhean mhìogach
 Thoill rùn gach aon a chì i ;—
 Blàth bòidheach Shròn-an-t-Sithein,
 Cha téid i chaoidh as m' aire-sa.

Ged 's bòidheach còrsan Chluaidhe,
 Thoir dhòmh-sa bhi 'an Suaineard
 Ri taobh na caileig shuairee
 Nach gabhadh gruaim ri m' leannanachd.
 Seinn cliù, etc.

Bean òg nam blàth-shul rùnail,
 'S nam beusan gaolach, sùgrach—
 Bu ghlé bheag ann am shuil-sa
 Stàid diùchd gun ise maille rium.
 Seinn cliù, etc.

Mar neul a ghlacas deàrrsadhl
 Na gréin 'dol fodha làmh ris,
 Sud nuas m'a guaillibh tlà-gheal
 A cuaillein àr-bhuidh camagach !
 Seinn cliù, etc.

B'e sud an comunn neònach
 Bhiodh stuirteil mar ri m' Mhòraig,
 'S i luinneagach mar smeòbrach
 A' cur ri ceòl 's a' chamhanaich.
 Seinn cliù, etc.

Nach mise bhitheadh aobhach
 A h-uile là de m' shaoghal
 'N am faighinn dhomh mar chéile
 Bean òg an aodainn aingealaich !
 Seinn cliù, etc.



NIGHEAN DONN NAM MALA CROM.

AIR FONN,—“*Mo nighean dubh, dh' fhàs bòidheach, dubh.*”

SEISD :—A nighean donn nam mala crom
 'S nam blàth-shùl gorma, gaolach,
 'S mi féin, a rìgh, le'm b' ait a bhi
 An nochd 'an tìr an fhraoich leat!

Ged 's glé mhath cuairt 's a' bhaile so,
Thoir dhòmh-sa 'n gleannan craobhach
'S an tric fo shoillse gealaiche
Chum m' annsachd comunn caoin riùm.
A nighean donn, etc.

Mo rùn a' chaileag luinneagach,
Deagh bhanarach na spréidhe,
'S nach géill 'an seomar uinneagach
Dh' aon chruinneag tha 'n Dunéideann.
A nighean donn, etc.

Co riagh a chunna 'n ciallan ud
Nach togadh fianuis réidh leam
Gu'm bheil i 'measg nan nionagan
Ceart mar tha 'ghrian measg reultan ?
A nighean donn, etc.

B' e fein am fear gun tuaiream
Chluinneadh duan bho ribheid m' eudail,
No chitheadh loinn a miog-shuilean,
Gun lasadh-cri nach tréig e.
A nighean donn, etc.

O, gu bhi 'n diugh 's a' chuairt ud
Faighinn bh' uaipe furan glé bhlàth !

B' fheàrr leam na coran òir bhi 'n sud
An nochd a' pògadh m' éiteag.

A nighean donn, etc.

A rùin, nam biodh tu déònach air,
'S ar cairdean uile réidh ruinn,

Cha chuirinn tuille dàlach ann—

Am màireach bu leam fhéin thu !

A nighean donn, etc.



O, CO NACH MOLADH MAIRI !

AIR FONN,—“*A nighean donn an t-sùgraiddh.*”

SEISD :—O, có nach moladh Màiri—

Mo rùn geal modhail, Màiri !

'S e fèin am fleasgach nèarachd

'Gheibh còir air làmh na h-ainnir ud.

'S ole thig do bhàird na cuairt so

A bhi 'n an tosl an uair so,

'Sa liuthad maise 's buaidh tha

Ri 'm faighinn fuaitght' ri m' leannan-sa.

O, có nach, etc.

Na'm bu leam fèin iùl bàrdachd

A réir mo chion air Màiri,

Bhiodh iomradh gu là bhrath air

A ghaol tha 'snàmh 'n a meall-shùilean.

O, có nach, etc.

--

Bean òg a's màlda giùlan,
 Bean òg a's àille gnùis i—
 'S a beulan teud-bhinn, cùbhraidh
 Mar ròs fo dhriuchd na canhanaich.
 O, có nach, etc.

Mar lilidhean a' mhiodair,
 No'n eala sud a chì mi
 'S a' ghrian-ghath air Loch-Sioradh,
 Tha loinn uehd mìn na cailin ud.
 O, có nach, etc.

Fhuair m' eudail-sa bho 'n lòn-dubh
 A binn-ghuth millis, ceòlar,
 'S thug deàrrsadhbgréime 'n Og-mhios
 Dhi fiambh a h-òr-fhalt chamagach.
 O, có nach, etc.

Ged tha fir eile 'n déigh oirr'
 Cha bhuin dhomh a bhi eindhor,
 'S a sùilean tric toirt sgeul dhomh
 Gur leam-s' a gaol a dh-aindeoin doibh.
 O, có nach, etc.



ROSAN AN LETH-BHAILE.

AIR FONN,—“*Mòr, nighean a' ghiobarlain.*”

O, cha n-e fuaim na gaoithe
 An raoir chum an cadal nam ;
 Droch phrìs air crodh na caoirich,
 No idir beud bho ghaduichean ;
 'S e mhìll mo thàmh, 's bu leòir sud,
 Mo rùn geal òg bhi fada nis
 Bho'n ghleann 's an tric gle aobhach,
 Ar gràdh d'a chéile dh' aidich sinn.

SEISD :—Seinn cliù na h-ainmir bhòidheach ud,
 Ròsan an Leth-bhaile !
 A' chaileag laghach, mhòdhar ud,
 Ròsan an Leth-bhaile !
 'S math bhuineadh dha bhi sòlasach,
 Oranach, ceileireach
 Gheibh gaol a's gealla-pòsaidh
 Bho Ròsan an Leth-bhaile.

'S math dh'-fhaodas muinntir Chòmhlaill
 Bhi mòr-chuisseach mu m' leannan-sa,
 'S gach filidh a ni èran
 Bhi seinn m' a dòighean banalta ;
 'N uair bha i bhos an taobh sa,
 'S gann fhuair mi féin aon sealladh dhi
 'N uair thàinig orm a gaol
 Ceart mar thig air craobh an dealanach.
 Seinn cliù, etc.

Gu 'm molainn do gach òigfhear
 A gheibh bhi chòir na finne ud
 Bhi seachnach air a miog-shuil
 Mar math leis erì-leon timeasach,
 Mur sud 's an t-òr-fhalt deàrrsach
 A's tric a' snàmh m'a slinneinibh
 Mur bhoillsgeadh gealaich làn
 Oidhche shàmhach air linne mach.
 Seinn, cliù, etc.

Cha n- iongantach mo luaidh-sa
 Bhi suairee, de as, cinnadail,
 Cha n- ann an coill' a' chrònach
 Tha 'm freumh o'n do ghineadh i,
 Tha ghéig de stoc a's àirde,
 'S tha bhlàth sud air mar chinnich i,
 'S ged tha i fathasd uaine
 Tha 'buaim air aire iomadh fear.
 Seinn, cliù, etc.

B'e féin, 's mo rùn air làimh aige,
 'M fear gun ghràs gun duimealas
 Nach aideachadh gu'm b' fhaoin leis
 'Na h-àite, maoin na cruinne so ;
 Ged b' ann am bothan-áiridh
 Bu leam-sa gràdh na cruinneig ud
 Cha mhiniic talla rioghail
 'S am faighte 'n aoidh a ibhuineadh dhomh.
 Seinn cliù, etc.

'S truagh gun bhi 'n diugh le m' annsachd,
 'S an t-sean-doigh ghasda shòlasach
 'Cur seachad tùm an t-samhraidh
 'An Còmh'l nan gleannta sòbhragach !
 Measg pailteas gruth a's uachdair,
 Ceòl chuach a's caidreamh néò-chiontach
 Gu'n caitheamaid ar 'n ùine
 Cho sunntach ris na smèòraichean !
 Seinn cliù, etc.

Seinn cliù na h-ainnir bhòidheach ud,
 Ròsan an Leth-bhaile,
A' chaileag laghach mhòdhar ud,
 Ròsan an Leth-bhaile ;
B'e latha 'n t-sonuis dhòmh-sa
 An latha sin a bheireadh dhuinn
 Air ais gu tir a h-òige
 Ròs bòidheach an Leth-bhaile.
 Seinn cliù, etc.



SOBHRAG A' GHLEANNAIN.

'N am aonar, 'gabhair cuairt
 Anns a' ghleann ud shuas an dé,
Ag eisdeachd ceòl na cuaiche
 'S druid bhinn nan luath-phong réidh,
 Gu 'm facas caileag bhòidheach
 'G am chòir a' bleoghan spréidh—
Se dh' fhág leam-sa fiabhrus-cridhe
 Bho nach faigh mi'n ath-ghearr réidh.

SEISD :—O, co nach togadh ceòl leam
 Air sòbhrag a' ghleannain ud !
 A' chaileag laghach, bhòidheach
 A ghoid mo chridhe 'n dé !

Bha 'sùil mar ghorm na h-ealtainn,
 'S a falt, air dhreach an òir,
A' tuiteam sios m'a guaillibh
 'N a dhualan tiugh gu leòir,—

Bha rughadh 'n róis 'n a gruaidhean,—
 Uehd geal mar uan gun ghò,
 'S a beul dearg a' tabhairt gealladh
 Blas na meala bhi 'g a chòir.
 O, eo nach, etc.

Cha luaithe fhuair mi faisg oirr'
 Na labhair mi gu tlàth,
 An toir mo chaileag ghasda
 Dhomh deoch de'n bhainne bhlàth ?
 "Do bheatha," ars' an nionag,
 'Si 'tigh'n dlùth le cuman làn :
 Dh-bl mi 'n deoch, 's an sin, gu seòlta,
 Thàig mi pòg dhi air a sgàth.
 O, eo nach, etc.

Fhuair mi cead a h-aon uaip'—
 Chuir mi trì dhiubh ris :
 "Sud a tigh'n mo mhàthair !
 O, rìgh ! leig mi ás !"
 "Aon phòg eile, 'eudail !"
 "Cha toir," bha 'beul ag ràdh,
 Ged b' e cainnt a shil, glé shoilleir,
 "Gabh na's math leat dhiubh, le fàilt."
 O, eo nach, etc.

Cha n- ioghna 'n diugh a' ghrian ud
 Bhi 'siaradh leam eo mall ;
 Mar 's luaithe théid i sìos bhuainn
 Leam féin 's ann 's lugha 'n call,—
 'S mi 'n so leam féin, a's m' aire
 Air bhi aon uair eile shuas
 Ann an comunn eìùin na h-éiteag
 A fhuair mi 'n dé eo suaire'.
 O, eo nach, etc.

MO CHAILEAG CHIUIN, BHOIDHEACH.

AIR FONN,—“*Mo nighean bhuidh'-bhùin, nam salbha tu leam.*”

SEISD :=

Mo chaileag chiuin, bhòidheach, bhàn-bhuidh', ghrinn,
Mo chaileag chiuin, bhòidheach, bhàn-bhuidh', ghrinn,
B' e'n t-ioghna mar deanainn féin ort rann,
'S mo smuain air each loinn a chì mi ort.

Chì mi aodann aobhach, fàilteach,
 Ruiteagach mar bhriste faire ;
 Chì mi gathan-gaoil glé dheàrrsach
 'Falbh gun támh o d' mhiog-shuilean.
Mo chaileag, etc.

Chì mi muinneal mar an grian-ghath
'Luidheas air an t-sneachd 's a' chriaraich—
Slabhraidh òir, mu'n cuairt dha'g iadhadh,
'S òr-fhalt sniomhach sinnite ris.
Mo chaileag, etc.

Sud, 'an dath 's am blas do bheòilein
 Dath a's blas na sirist còmhla,—
 Leisgeul gasda glé thric dhòmh-sa
 Bhi 'toirt phòg gun chaomhnadh dha !
 Mo chailleag, etc.

Chì mi anns gach ni mu 'n euairt dhuit
Aobhar glé mhath mi bhi uaibhreach
Muinnfir eile bhi 'g ad luaidh riùm,
'S blàth-ghaoil uait-se cinniteach dhomh.
Mo chaileag, etc.

E I L I D H O G D H R U I M - F H E A R N A .

AIR FONN.—“*A bhanarach dhonn a' chruidh.*”

SEISD :—Mo chaileag bhàn bhinn-ghuthach,
 Bhlàth-chridheach, ghrinn-chruthach,
 'S tric tigh'n nam smaointean-sa
 Caoimhneas do mhànrain.

Mar tha blàth's an déigh tuath-ghaoth,
 Do mhaoth-lusrach nan cluaintean,
 Tha do m' chridhe-sa suairceas
 Eilidh ruadh-buidh' Dhruim-fheàrna.
 Mo chaileag, etc.

'S tìm do bhàrda na Gréige
 Sgur d' an glòir mu dhreach Bhénus,
 'S a ceart leth bhreac ri fhaotainn
 Gun dol ceum o 'n Druim-fheàrna.
 Mo chaileag, etc.

Na 'm bu leam-sa 'chruit cheòlar
 Bha aig filidh Bheinn-dòrain,
 B' e ciad ionradh gach còmhail
 Eilidh òg 'an Druim-fheàrna.
 Mo chaileag, etc.

Ach 'd e 'm feum bli ri tuille
 Seinn mu mhaisealachd Eilidh ?
 Cha dean linntean g' a moladh
 'Ghrian na 's gile na tha i !
 Mo chaileag, etc.

SINE BHOIDHEACH NAN GRUAIDHEAN
ROSACH.

AIR FONN,—“*Mo ghille guanach.*”

SEISD:—Mo chaileag bhàin-bhuidh’ dh’fhàs banail, nàrach,
Mo chaileag bhàin-bhuidh’ a’s àille com,
'S e d’ fhaicinn dlùth dhomh an diugh, a rùm ghil,
A dh’ fhàgadh sùrdail mo chridhe trom.

A Shìne bhoidheach nan gruaidhean ròsach,
O’n latha sheòl thu do’n tir mu thuath
Tha ’n roinn so dh’ fhàg thu, ’n am shùil, mar fhàsach,
'S mo chridhe ’n còmhnuidh eo trom ri luaidh.
Mo chaileag, etc.

O, gu bhi d’ fhaicinn an nochd fo m’ blàireagan—
Mo làmh a’ ceareladh do mheadhon caol,
'S mi faighinn cimte bho d’ bheulan riomhach
Nach ann gu diomhain thug mi dhuit gaol !
Mo chaileag, etc.

Ged ’s beag de ’n t-saogh’l so tha aig na daoine
Do’m buin an éideag do ’n d’ thug mi gràdh,
'S e cainnt gach aon neach do ’n aithne m’ cudail
Gur e’ m fear nèarachd a gheibh a làmh.
Mo chaileag, etc.

Mo chaileag ghràdhach ! cha n- ainmeanh bàn-righ
A bhiodh glé spòrsail a bhi ’n ad dhealbh ;
Ged bu leam fèin còir air leth na Gàidhealtachd
'S ann air do làmh gheal a shirinn sealbh.
Mo chaileag, etc.

Cha sìòl no sioda a chleachd mo Shìne
 M' a guaille maoth bhlàth a's gile snuadh,
 Ach òr-fhalt glé throm a nuas a' taomadh
 Mar dheàrrsadh gréine air sneachd nan stuadh.
 Mo chaileag, etc.

Ged their luchd-tuaileas nach leannan buan mi,
 Na creid, a luaidh, gu bheil diog dheth fior ;
 Mu 'n tig an uair bhios mi umad suarach,
 A mhàthair bì'dh suarach m' a leanabh-cìch.
 Mo chaileag, etc.



O TILL, A LEANNAIN, O TILL, O TILL !

AIR FONN,—“O bà, mo leanabh, O bà, O bà.”

SEISD :—O till, a leannain, O till, O till !
 O till, a leannain, O till, O till !
 Dean cabhaig, a Mhali
 O'n Ghàlltachd, mur math leat
 Mo ghaol ort mo tharruing do'n chill, do'n chill.

An cailin a dh' fhág sinn Di-luain, Di-luain,
 'S glé thric i bho 'n tràth sin 'n am smuain, 'n am smuain,
 Le 'nìn-bhasa geala,
 'Cùl donn, 's a caol mhala ;
 Cha dùth dhomh bhi fallain bho m' uan, bho m' uan.
 O till, a leannain, etc.

Bean òg nan sùil maoth-ghorm làn gràidh, làn gràidh
 Cha n- ioghna, 'g a h-ionndrain ged tha, ged tha
 Gleann-Aora, glé mhiapaidh,
 Fàs faslachail, cianail,
 A's dhòmh-sa mur bhliadhna gach là, gach là.
 O till, a leannain, etc.

Mar ghrian-ghathan Earraich do 'n t-saogh'l, do 'n t-saogh'l
 Bha failte o m' Mhali dhomh féin, dhomh féin :

A righ greas an là sud

A chì mi, mar b' àbhaist,

'An cala ciùin, sàbhailt', mo gaol, mo gaol !

O, gu bhi 'g ad fhaicinn, a rùin, a rùin

Uair eile tigh'n dhachaidh do 'n Dùn, do 'n Dùn !

Bhiodh dùllachd a' gheamhraidh

Leam féin mar an samhradh

'S mo chridhe a' damnsadh le müirn, le müirn.

O till, a leannain, etc.



CUACHAG CHOIRE-'N-T-SITH.

AIR FONN,—“*This is no my ain plaid.*”

SEISD :—'S toigh leam an té bhuidhe-ruadh,
 Bhuidhe-ruadh, bhuidhe-ruadh ;
 Thar gach caileag, deas no tuath,
 Dhòmh-sa cuachag Choire-'n-t-sith !

Thar gach caileag, diùth no céin,
 Tha 'n diugh 'tuinneachadh fo 'n ghréin,
 Dhòmh-sa 'n ainnir bhanail, chaoim
 Dh' fhág mi 'n gaol air Coire-'n-t-sith.

'S toigh leam, etc.

A' chiad uair a ghlac mo shùil
 Dreach a pearsa 's mais a gnuis,
 Shaoil mi nach lu dad ach diùchd
 Dheanamh cùis le gràdh mo chì.
 'S toigh leam, etc.

Beannachd air na pògan blàth
 'Dhearrb am beachd ud a bhi ceàrr
 Tuille 's aon uair, 'stigh fo sgàth
 Coille cheòl'ar Choire-'n-t-sìth.
 'S toigh leam, etc.

Coma nis leam cia co fuar
 Gheibh mi mnàidh a' Bhràigh nd shuas ;
 'S ionnan leam an gean 's an gruaim,
 'Faighinn uaip'-se gaol gun dìth.
 'S toigh leam, etc.



AN TE UD 'S CION-FALAICh DHOMH.

AIR FONN,—“*Burns' parting with Highland Mary.*”

O, gu bhi 'nochd ri taobh geal
 Na té ud 's cion-falaich dhomh
 Té thug, le meud a ceutachd,
 Na ceudan fo chis ;—
 Cha 'n ioghna, 's i cho bòidheach,
 Luchd stòras bhi tarruing 'rith ;
 Mo thruaigh mis' tha falamh,
 'S gaol mo chridhe agam dhi !

An raoir, 's mi oirre 'bruadar,
 Air leam bhi shuas ud maille rith
 'Cur seachad tìm glé shùgrach
 An coille dhlùth nan cuach :

B'e sud a' chòmhail ghràdhach—

A làmh gheal mu m' mheadhon-sa,
'S mar ghlacar eraobh le eidheannach
Theann ghlac mi féin mo luaidh.

Mar stad air ceòl glé shunndach

An uair a's fhearr leinn fanachd air,
Mar dhol bho chuirim làn sòlais
Gu àros gun aoidh,
Mar chath ri doireann ùr,
An déigh ciùine, do 'n mharaiche,
Mar sin bha dhòmh-sa faireachadh
A's dealachadh ri 'm ghaol.

Nam bu leam féin de 'n t-saoghal

An t-aon ni b' fheàrr leam fhaghinn dheth,
Air sgàth an còr bhi 'm dhìth,—
Chuirinn eùla le failt'
Ri ionad ni bha aon uair
'N aìn shùilibh glé thoigheach leam,
'S mi 'deanamh elis mo roghainn
De ghaol cridhe bean mo ghráidh.



MO RUN AIR A' CHAILEIG A'S LOINNEILE
SUIL.

AIR FONN,—*Pòg an nochd agus pòg an raoir.*"

SEISD :—

Mo rùn air a' chaileig a's loinneile sùil,
Mo rùn air a' chaileig dh'fhàs ceanalta, ciùin—
A' chaileag dheas aoidheil bha'n raoir air mo ghlùn,
B' fheàrr leam bhi 'g a pògadh na stòras a' chrùin.

Ged tha mi' gun chaora, gun ghobhar, gun bhò,
Gun searrach, gun ghearran, gun fhearrann, gun òr,
Cha n-eil mi gun earras co fhada 's is leam
Blath-shùgradh gun ghainne bho Anna Loch-long.
Mo rùn, etc.

Nach coma ged bhithinn, 's mi 'n cuideachd luchd-ciùil.
Air uairibh, a' fìgheann te eil' air mo ghlùn,
'S mo phòca, 'n àun sgaoileadh 'n sud, eutrom gu leòir,
'S leam bh'uaip'-se, mar b' àbhaist, blàth-fhàilt agus pòg.
Mo rùn etc.

Ged gheibhinn-sa gruagach le buaille glé làn,
B' fheàrr leam, gun phris crodhain leath', caileag mo
ghràidh ;
'S ged bhitheadh fear fearainn gu 'faighinn, a' strì,
Bu diamhain dhà shao'ir 's fear nan dàn air a tì.
Mo rùn, etc.

'Nuair 's coma le sionnach an fhuil tha 's an uan,
'Nuair sguireas an talamh so dh'iomain mu'n cuairt,
'Nuair stadas Loch-fine a lionadh 's a thràgh,
'N sin sguiridh mo ghaol-sa air éiteag mo ghràidh.
Mo rùn, etc.

EILIDH BHAN CHOIRE-CHNAIMH.

AIR FONN,—“*Buan na rainich.*”

SEISD :—Eilidh bhàin Choire-chnàimh,
 Maighdean bhanail nam beus ceanail,
 Eilidh bhàin Choire-chnàimh,
 Có nach tugadh gaol dhi !

'S beag an t-ioghna ged a dh'fhàs dhomh
 Coire-chàimh co déigheil,
 'S ann an sud tha dachaidh bhòidheach
 Maighdean òg mo spéis-sa.
 Eilidh bhàin, etc.

'S tric bho ghlòmuin gu tim cadail
 Fhuair mi 'n sud ri m' thaobh i,—
 'N t-aon ni ceàrr 'n ar còmhail shona
 Giorrad tim cho aobhach.
 Eilidh bhàin, etc.

Bean an aodainn aobhach, shiobhalt',
 'S nan sùl miogach, speur-ghorm—
 Nam bu bhàrd mi féin mar b' àill leam
 Gu là bhràth bhiodh sgeul ort.
 Eilidh bhàin, etc.

Ged tha fear a' Bhràighe, thall ud,
 'S ciadan eile 'n déigh ort,
 'S leam-sa, neothar-thaing dhoibh uile.
 Gaol a's furan m' eudail.
 Eilidh bhàin, etc.

'S truagh nach b' ann an nochd, a leannain,
 Dh' òlar deoch na réite ;
 'N sin le 'r gairm, gu Cill-a'-mhuna
 Cha bu ruith ach leum leam !
 Eilidh bhàin, etc.

GAOL MO CHRIDHE, SINE OG.

AIR FONN,—“*An té sud air am bheil mi 'n geall.*”

SEISD :—Gaol, mo-chri-sa Sine òg,
 Ribhinn shuaire' a' chuailein dir !
 O, gu bhi an diugh g' a còir
 Taobh na h-àird ud fada shios !

'Aird Mhic-Shimidh, àird an àigh,
 'Aird mo rùin-sa thu gu bràth ;
 'Sann ri d' thaobh a fhuair mi gràdh
 Na té òg tha 'n diugh d' am dhìth.
 Gaol mo-chri-sa, etc.

'S beag an t-ioghna, 's gun i leam,
 M' inntinn bli an nochd eo trom—
 Luchd nach urrainn mi chur dhiom
 Gus an till mi rithist sìos.
 Gaol mo-chri-sa, etc.

Beannachd air an oidhche chiùin
 Fhuair mi gealladh-gaoil mo rùin
 Shios an sud, an coill nan enù,
 Gun dad moite, diumb, no strì.
 Gaol mo-chri-sa, etc.

Coma nis dhomh tìr no euan,
 Coma faireachadh no suain,
 Car aon mhionaid ás mo smuain
 Iomhaigh 'n uain ud cha'n fhaigh mi.
 Gaol mo-chri-sa, etc.

Miann a' bhalaich itheadh 's òl,
 Miann an daormainn maoin gu leòir,
 Mo mhian féin bhi faotainn còir
 Air làmh bhòidheach bean mo chrì.
 Gaol mo-chri-sa, etc.

MO RUN GEAL, BOIDHEACH.

AIR FONN,—*Mo Mhairi boidheach's mo Mhairi ghaolach.'*

SEISD :—*Mo rùn geal, bòidheach, mo rùn geal gaolach,
Mo rùn an còmhnaidh 's i Seònaid Aorach,—
A' chaileag uasal dh'fhàs snairee, aoidheil,—
'S e gaol a's cliù bhuam bu dùth dhi fhaotainn.*

*O, 's math a dhl-fhaodas mi fèin bhi stràiceil
Mu Choille-n-t-saoir a's gach ni tha làmh rith',
'S mo smuainte daonnan air té nam blàth-shul
O'n tric a fhuair mi 's a' chuairt nd fàilte.*

Mo rùn geal, etc.

*Mar theachd a' Chéitein do choill nan smèòrach,
Mar thilleadh slàinte do chàileachd leòinte,
Mar rionnag iùil ri droch shìd do 'n t-seòl'dair
Tha gaol na gruagaich, tha shuas ud ,dhòmh-sa.*

Mo rùn geal, etc.

*Mo rùn air rìbhinn nam mìog-shul guanach,
Le 'euailean donn sinn te trom m' a guaillibh ;—
Ged 's beag a daimh ri fuil àrd no uaibhreach
Bu néarachd rìgh 'gheibheadh gaol na gruagaich.*

Mo rùn geal, etc.

*Bean na gnùis nàrach, a' bheòilein chùbhraidih,
'S na h anail bhlàth air ceart fhàile 'n ùr-rois—
Na'm b' eòl dhomh seinn air a loinn mar b' fhiù leam
Gu linn nan linn bhiodh i 'm ranntachd cliùiteach.*

Mo rùn geal, etc.

*'S truagh nach bu leam-sa deagh sheallbh, gun àicheadh,
Air a' ghleann ghrinn 's an deach m' annsachd àrach ;
Na'm b' e sud m' fhortan an diugh, mo làmh dhuibh,
Bhiodh m' éiteag dhonn 'na bean-bainmse 'màireach.*

Mo rùn geal, etc.

MORAG BHRAIGH'-BHEALAICH.

AIR FONN,—“*Ged is socrach mo leaba,
Cha n-’e cadal is miannach leam.*”

•Fhir théid null gu Bràigh'-bhealaich
Thoir ciad beannachd gu m' rùn-sa leat,
Nighean ruadh-bhuidh' Mhic-Ealair,—
Gheibh thu ceanalta, cùirteil i ;
Bean de 'n tug mi 'n cion-falaich
Dh' fhàg an diugh co mi-shunndach mi—
De gach sólas fo 'n athar
B' e mo roghainn bhi 'sùgradh rith'.

'S tric, ar leam, a bhi cluinniunn
A guth binn, mar cheòl clàrsaire,
Ann an lagan na buaile
Far an d' fhuair mi tric blàth-chainnt uaip';
'S cha tearc idir 'n am smaointean
Gach ciùin-oidhche dh' fhàg làmh rium i
Far nach cunnainn e fada
'Bhi gu maduinn a' màran rith'.

'S beag an t-ioghsa ged bhithinn
Tím na Nollaig so smuaireanach—
Mise 'n so aig sruth Dhùlais
'S ise cùla nam fuar-bheann ud :
Coma cia eo blàth, bòidheach
Gheibh mi òighean na enaire so,
'S e Bràigh'-bhealaich 's mo Mhòrag
Bhios an còmhnaidh 'n am smuaint-sa.

B' e bhi diùltadh do'n t-seillein
 Teachd an sealladh nan sòbhragan
 Bhi 'eur eadar mi 's m' ulaidh,
 'S i fèin toileach bhi còmhla rium,
 Coma leam, mata mì-run
 Nam fear daoidh leis nach deònach sud,—
 Cha n-'eil crumhachd fo 'n ghréin ud
 'Gleidheas m' eudail an còulnaidh bhuan !



ISEABAL, AN TIG THU 'N GHAELTACHD ?

AIR FONN.—“*Thug mi 'n oïdhche 'n raoir 's an àiridh.*”

SEISD:—Iseabal, an tig thu 'n Ghaeltachd ?
 Iseabal, an tig thu 'n Ghaeltachd ?
 Tiugaimn leam gu Taobh-loch-fine,
 'S cha chùis caoidh dhuit sud, mo làmh dhuit.

Iseabal, ma tha thu deònach,
 'S leat mo làmh 's mo chridhe còmhla,
 Maille ri blàth-dhachaidh bhòidheach
 'An tir mhòr-bheannach nan Gàidheal.
 Iseabal, etc.

Ged tha cuairt 's a' bhaile glé mhath,
 Nach b' feàrr leat an doire geugach,
 No 'n gleann gorm 's am faigheadh m' eudail
 Faile 'n fhraoich g' a cumail slàinteil
 Iseabal, etc.

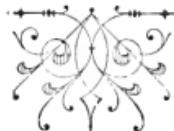


Tiugainn far an cluinn thu 'n smeòrach
 Togail suas a coirioll bòidheach,
 'S os do cheann bho mhoch gu glòmuinn
 Uiseagan gu leòir 'eur fàilt ort.
 Iseabal, etc.

Ceòl nach measa thogail sùrd ort
 Gheibh thu 'n sud bho phìob nan dlùth-phong
 Far am minic òigridh shunndach,
 'Dannsadhbh rith' air ùrlar clàraidh,
 Iseabal, etc.

Gheibh sinn euid de 'r lòn o'n fhairge,
 Gheibh sinn páirt dheth ás a' gharbhlaich,
 'S cha bhi bradan mear nan dearg-bhall
 Fallain, agus mor'ath 'n ami làmh-sa.
 Iseabal, etc.

'N uair is guirme uchd gach ciùin-loch,
 'S air gach taobh am fraoch fo ùr-bhlàth,
 Mil a's bainne mar am bùrn innt',
 Cò nach dlù'icheadh ris a' Ghaeltachd !
 Iseabal, etc.



COMUNN CAOIN NAN OIGHEAN.

AIR FONN,—“*Mo nighean dubh dh' fhàs bòidheach, dubh.*”

SEISD :—Mo roghainn féin, 's cha roghainn fhaoin,
 'S e comunn caoin nan oighean !
 'S glé thric a fhuair mi bh' uapa gaol
 Fo shoillse reul na glòmuinn.

A shaoghal mhosaich, thoir an sàth
 De d' mhaoin do 'n ghràisg tha 'n tòir air,
 Ach dhòmh-sa gaol na caileig chaoin
 A chum an raoir rium còmhail.
 Mo roghainn, etc.

Mu 'n gann a dh' fhàg mi féin an glùn
 B'e bhi 'n an ciùrt mo shòlas,
 'S bho sin gu so—a bhos no shios—
 Cha n- fhaigh mi sìth ach còmhl' riuth',
 Mo roghainn, etc.

An cluinn thu 'n daormann ud, a deir
 Gu 'm bheil mo roghainn gòrae ?
 Mo bharail gur e 'n t-eud tha air,
 'G am faicinn tric 'toirt phòg dhomh !
 Mo roghainn, etc.

Ni 'n gaol an duine crosda ciùin,
 An lùirist ni e spòrsail ;
 An saogh'itach ma bhios idir suaire'
 'S ann mar ri gruagach bhòidheach.
 Mo roghainn, etc.



O, GU BHI 'N SUD THALL LE ANNA!

AIR FONN,—“*A ho rò, mo run an cailin.*”

SEISD :—O, gu bhi 'n sud thall le Anna !
 E, gu bhi 'n sud thall le Anna !
 Thall ri taobh Loch-long a' sùigradh
 Ri bean ùr a' chìil duinn chlannaich.

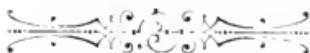
Beannachd air Ros-neodha bòidheach,
 Dachaidh chaoin na té thug dhòmh-sa
 Gaol nach deanamh maoin na h-Eòrpa
 Bh' uam, le m' dheòin, a nis a cheannach.
 O, gu bhi, etc.

'S beag an t-ioghma mi bhi uaibhreach,
 'S dùil agam ri teachd na h-uair sin
 'Chì dà cheann air aona chluasaig—
 Mise 's m' uan, le cead na craonnaig.
 O, gu bhi, etc.

Tubaist orra, bhios a' pòsad
 Aighean ann an àite òighean ;—
 B' theàrr leam Anna dhonn gun ghròt leath'
 Na cnoc òir le dud neo-bhauil.
 O, gu bhi, etc.

'S fada, 's fada 'n so bho m' rùn mi,
 Ach mu 'n clos dhonh bi'dh mi'n Cùlphort ;
 Coma 'n t-sìd bhi doirbh no ciùineil
 'S mise 'n dùil bhi 'faicinn Anna.
 O, gu bhi, etc.

Ged tha euid, le briathra breugach,
 'G innseadh dhi nach mair mo spéis dhi,
 Fuaraichidh a' ghrian 's an speur ud
 Ceart co luath ri m' ghaol-s' air Anna.
 O, gu bhi, etc.



C R O N A N - C A I D I L.

Mur gu 'm b' ann le a mhàthair fèin, do leanabh-diolain.

AIR FONN,—“*Thug mi gaol do 'n j'hear bhàn.*”

SEISD :—Caidil uain ! caidil, uain,
 Caidil suaimhneach gu lò !
 Cadal ciùin dhuit, a ghràidh,—
 'S leoir do mhàth'ir bhi ri bròn.

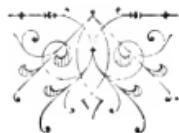
Caidil, uain ! tha ri d' thaobh
 Mhàthair ghaolach gu leoir,
 Ged tha i nocht mar eala chiuirrt,
 Guileag-gù dhi mar cheòl.
 Caidil, etc.

'Mhic an athair 'tha gun bhàigh,
 Bi' fheàrr am bàs leam gu mòr
 Na bhi 'd fhaicinn-sa, a luaidh,
 Chaoidh a' gluasad 'n a dhòigh.
 Caidil, etc.

'S i mo mhairg aon té bheir cluas
 Do fhear guanach làn sgleòd ;
 'N uair a's nìlse bhios a sgeul
 'S modha 'feum-se bhi fòill.
 Caidil, etc.

'M fear a's modha a gheibh rùn
 Caileag chiùineil gun ghò,
 'S e 's luath' chanas air a cùl
 "Bha mi 'sùgradh ri gleòisg!"
 Caidil, etc.

B'e bhi 'g earbsadh an uain
 Ri daor Ruairidh nam fròg
 Bean bli 'g earbsadh fad a làmh
 Gealladh baoth nam fear òg.
 Caidil, etc.



A' CHAILEAG CHOMHLACH.

AIR FONN, —“ *'S mise tha jò mhi-ghean mu'n ghille dhonn.*

SEISD :—Co nach togadh cliù leam
 Air flùr nam buadh,
 A' chiùin-chaileag Chòmh'lach
 Tha 'n còmhnaidh 'm smuain ?

'S tric bho thím an earraich
 Taobh Loch-aic air m' aire ;
 'S ann an sud tha 'n ainnir
 'Ghoid mo chridhe bh' nam.
 Co nach togadh, etc.

Mar do lus na criaraich
 Tha 'n gorm-dhealt 's an grian-ghath,
 'S ann mar sud tha, 'chiallain,
 Dhòmh-sa d' iomhaigh shuaire'.
 Co nach togadh, etc.

'S ann 's a' chlachan dhùmhail
 Ghabh mi beachd an tìs ort ;
 Ged 'bha 'n teagasg drùigheach
 Mhill do shùil-sa 'bhuaidh.
 Co nach togadh, etc.

Coma Luan no Dònach,
 Coma muir no mòinteach,
 'Nis, gach mionaid bheò dhomh,
 'S tusa fàth mo smuaint.”
 Co nach togadh, etc.

Nach ann leam-sa b' aobhach
 A bhi 'n diugh ri d' thaobh geal
 'Sùgradh feadh an fhraoch leat
 'An gleann caol nan euach !
 Co nach togadh, etc.

Mur a b' e Loch-fine
 Eadaruin bhi sìmte,
 Bhithinn thall, glé éibhinn,
 An nochd féin le m' uan.
 Co nach togadh, etc.

TUIREADH LEANNAN AN EILTHIRICH OIG.

AIR FONN,—“*Bruthaichean Ghlinn-braon.*”

SEISD :—’Ille dhuinn nam beus cliùiteach,
 A’ bheòil bhinn, ’s na cainnt shùgrach,
 ’S e do thilleadh do ’n dùthach
 ’Dh-fhàgadh sunndach mi féin.

’S i so Nollaig a chràidh mi,—
 Nigh’nean òg air gach lànn dhiom
 Le ’n euid leannan glé stràiceil
 ’S fear mo ghràidh-se ’n tir chéin.
 ’Ille dhuinn, etc.

Fhir na pearsa dheas, dhealbhach,
 ’N uair a shiùbhladh tu ’gharbhlach
 Cha b’ e ’n sùgradh do ’n carb e,
 ’S bhiodh fuil dhearg air na féidh.
 ’Ille dhuinn, etc.

Deagh làmh chumail na stiùir thu
 Mach air linne nan sùmaium,—
 'Nuair bhiodh càch le croinn rùisgte
 B'e sud sùgradh mo ghaoil.
 'Ille dhuinn, etc.

'Nuair a bhiodh tu ri ðran.
 Mar bu tric leat, 'measg òigridh,
 Bhiodh mo chridhe 'g ad phògadh,
 'S mur bu nàr leam—mo bheul.
 'Ille dhuinn, etc.

'Nuair thig samhradh nam blàth oírnn,
 Mur 'eil tilleadh an dàn dhuit
 Bi'dh do d' leannan Gleann-shàdail
 'Na dhubbh-fhàsach gun aoidh.
 'Ille dhuinn, etc.

'S ole a fhuardas a' mhuinntir
 'Rinn do bhuaireadh thar tuinn nainn ;
 B'e cur eadar mi 's 'aon-ghradh
 Craobh a' spionadh bho 'freumh.
 'Ille dhuinn, etc.



ESAN 'GA FREAGAIRT.

SEISD :—Ainnir ghrinn nam beus cliùiteach,
 A'bheòil blinn 's na cainnt shùgrach !
 'S e bhi tilleadh gu d' ionnsuidh
 'Dh' fhàgadh sunndach mi féin.

M' eudail féin thar gach cailin !
 Leig-sa dhiot bhi fo smalan :
 An ath Nollaig, 's mi fallain,
 Bi'dh do leannan ri d' thaobh.

Ainnir ghrinn, etc.

Coma c' àite am bi mi—
 A' measg cuideachd no 'm aonar,
 Car aon mhionaid a' m' smaointe
 D' iomhaigh rùnach, cha téid.
 Ainnir ghrinn, etc.

Mar tha chombaist an còmhnaidh
 'Sireadh dh-ionnsuidh 'n Tuath reòta,
 Tha mo chrì-sa gu Seònaid,
 Rionnag bhòidheach mo ghaoil.
 Ainnir ghrinn, etc.

Ged a bheirte 's an tìr so,
 Stàid a dh-fhòghna do rìgh dhomh,
 Na 'm b' ann 'dh-easbhuidh do bhriodal,
 Leiginn dhiom e, le faoilt.
 Ainnir ghrinn, etc.



I S E A B A L .

AIR FONN,—“*A Mhàiri bhàn gur bannail thu.*”

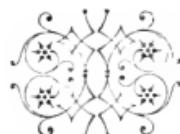
O Iseabal, b' e 'n t-iongantas
 Mur togainn-sa ort òran,
 An déigh gach oidhche leannanachd
 A chuir sinn seachad còmhla.
 Ged tha e nis 'n a annas dhomh
 Bhi mar riut mar bu nòs leam,
 Tha mi 'n làn-dùil, a dh-aindeoin sud,
 Gu 'm faigh mi fathasd pòg uait.

Ged tha cuid ann a chumas rium,
 Le manadh réir an dùrachd,
 Gur diamhain dhomh bhi 'tarruing riut,
 'S iad féin air faighinn diultadh ;
 Ma leugh mi ceart an naigheachd
 Tha ri 'faighinn ann ad shùilean,
 'S e m' fhortan àigh, gun mhòran dàil,
 A bhi le d' ghràdh-se crùinte.

Bha uair a thug mi 'n t-urrام
 Air son banalas a's àilleachd
 Do Pheigi bhàn Loch-giorra,
 Caileag eireachdail gun aicheadh ;
 Cha dìteadh air a grinneas
 Thusa 'n diugh a bhi 'n a h-àite,—
 Oir faodaidh rionnag bhi glé bhriagh
 Nach faicear 's grian a' deàrrsadhl !

Cha 'n iognna m' ùigh a's m' aire-sa
 Air bean do dhreach bhi buanail,—
 Co 'n gille beò a chitheadh tu
 Nach tugadh 'chridhe suas dhuit ?
 'N am chadal no 'n am fhaireachadh—
 Air monadh no air cuan domh—
 Bu cheart eo furasd dealachadh
 Ri m' fhaileas a's mo smuain ort.

An déighidh blàth's thig fionnarachd,
 Thig tràghadh 'n déighidh lionaidh,
 Ach 's ann tha m' fhiabhrus-eridhe-sa
 Gach là na's teoithe 'cinntiu.
 A rùin, ma 's math leat fallain mi,
 Na leig dhomh bhi gu diomhain
 'An so, mar uiseag chianalach
 A' seinn do ghrian nach cluinn i.



SINE BHOIDHEACH CEANN-GHARRAIDH.

AIR FONN,—*Tha mi trom, duilich, trom, airtnealach, cianail.*

'Nochd gur diamhain do 'n ghealaich
Bhi 'g am theunadh bho 'n teallach ;
Sine bhòidheach Ceann-gharraidh
 Cha n- 'eil tuille 's a' chrich so.

SEISD :—Thogainn cliù air mo rùn,
 Bean a' chùil mhìn-bhuidh' ;
Thogainn cliù air mo rùn,
Té nam mala caol, ciùin ;
Fada uaipe no dlùth,
 Bean mo rùin Sine !

Bean a' bheòlein bhinn, ghuamaich—
'S tric 'g a phògadh 'n am shuain mi
Anns a' bhadan 's an d' fhuair i
Iomad uair bl' uam blàth-bhriodal.
Thogainn, etc.

Fhir a mholas an fhaoleann
Seall air muinneal mo ghaoil-sa!
'S mise 'nochd a bhiodh aobhach
Mo lámh fhaotainn m' a thimchioll.
Thogainn, etc.

O, nach mise bhiodh deònach
A bhi rithe-se pòsda !
Ged bu bhothan ar còmhnuidh
B' e chùis eud mo thoilinntinn.



RUN MO CHLEIBH AN EITEAG SHUAIRC'.

AIR FONN,—“*Hi ri ri, 's ho ra-ill o!*
Mo nighcean donn a's bòidhche.”

SEISD :—Rùn mo chléibh an éiteag shuairc'
 Do 'n tug mise 'n gaol bhios buan !
 Cha n- ioghsa gilleann, deas a's tuath,
 Bhi luath-ghaireach m' a bòidhchead.

'S binn 'an seòmar ceòl nan teud,
 'S binn 's an fhàs-choill bàird nan geug ;
 'S binne na sud uile 'm beul
 Bu mhiann leam fèin bhi 'pògadh.
 Rùn, etc,

Ged 's geal uchd na h-eala bhàin,
 'S gile na sud eneas mo ghràidh—
 Còmhnuidh chaoin a' chridhe bhlàth,—
 B' e 'n trusdar dh' fhàgadh breòit' e.
 Rùn, etc.

Fhuair i 'n rughadh tha 'n a gnùis
 Bho 'n òg-mhaduinn shamhraidh chiùin,
 'S deàrrsadhbh caoin a deud geal, dlùth
 Bho lìlidh iùr nan lòintean.
 Rùn, etc.

Ciod an stàth bhi 'cur an céill
 Maise miog-shuil chiùin mo ghaoil ?
 Cha n- 'eil sùil a' chalmain fèin
 A leth co maoth-ghorm, bhòidhreach.
 Rùn, etc.

Cha n- 'eil mil an t-seillein chiar
Idir milis làmh r' a bial ;
Is shaoileadh tu gur ann bhò 'n ghrian
A fhuair i fiamh a h-òr-fhalt !
Rùn, etc.



E I L I D H G H L I N N - D A R U A I L .

AIR FONN,—“*Mo Mhali bheag òg.*”

Tha 'Bhealltuinn chridheil, cheòlmhor
 A nis 'an Gleann-daruail ;
 Tha guth na cuthag leòmach
 Uair eile 'n Gleann-daruail,
 'S an druid agus an lòn dubh
 Le 'n teudan 'an deagh òrdugh
 A' strì co 's binne òran
 A nis 'an Gleann-daruail.

An t-urram thar gach àite
 A nis do Ghleann-daruail.
 Gleann nam bean òg a's àille
 Fo'n ghréin 's e Gleann-daruail.
 Ged tha Gleann-Aora bòidheach,
 Leig leam-sa bhi tràth glòmuinn
 Ri taobh na h-éiteig òg ud,
 Nic Mhuirich Ghleann-daruail !

O, 's truagh nach b' ann am màireach
 Bu leam-sa, 'n Gleann-daruail,
 Le toil a muintir, làmh gheal
 Mo rùin 'an Gleann daruail !
 Cha n- fhacas riamh fo'n ghréin ud
 Aon duine 'leth co éibhinn
 'S a bhithinn-sa le m' eudail,
 Mar sud, 'an Gleann-daruail.

Air leam gu 'm bheil mi 'd fhaicinn
 A rùin, an Gleann-daruail,
 'N ad éide-bainmse sneachd-gheal
 Ri m' thaoblh au Gleann-daruail,—
 Gach maighdean mheachair làmh riut
 Le eud a' coimhead d' ailleachd,
 'S fir òg, le 'm b' ait bhi 'm àite,
 Fo sprochd 'an Gleann-daruail.

Cha tugainn air son rìoghachd
 Mo ghaol an Gleann-daruail ;
 Gu 'n dòirtinn m' fluil g' a dònadh
 O bheud 'an Gleann-daruail.
 'S na 'm biodh réir maise m' eudail
 Mo sgil-sa gu toirt sgeul air,
 Bhiodh cliù, gu erioch an t-saoghal
 Air Eilidh Ghlinn-daruail !



AN T-EILTHIREACH OG 'S A LEANNAN.

AIR FONN,—“*Farewell to Fionary.*”

Ged 's duilich leam ri gleann mo rùin
 Bhi tabhairt aig an àm so cùl,
 Bu lugha 'n càs na 'm bitheadh tu,
 Mo chiad a's m' aon-ghràdh, maille riuum.

SEISD :—Bean mo chridhe ! bean gun bheud,
 Bean gun choimeas dhi fo'n ghréin,
 'S i 'bhean òg bho'n d' rinn mi 'n dé
 Le cridhe glé throm dealachadh !

Faodaith maighdeannan glé bhlàth
 Bhi taobh eile 'chuain a' tàmh ;
 Coma sin,—cha n- 'eil fo nèamh
 Te sheasas t-àite 'm shealladh-sa !
 Bean mo chridhe, etc.

Ged their cuid, le goileam baoth,
 Nach bi cuimhn' orm fad' o d' thaobh,
 'S mise nach creid sud, a ghaoil,
 Ged dheanamh naomh a mhionnachadh.
 Bean mo chridhe, etc.

Coma eia meud bliadhna sgìth
 Dh-fhaodas ruith mu 'm faic thu mi,—
 'N gaol a las do dhreach 'n am chri
 Cha téid air dìth, mo ghealladh dhuit !
 Bean mo chridhe, etc.

Cum, mata, do chridhe suas!
Tha fonn miannimhor siar o'n chuan,
'S earb nach fada gus an uair
 Chi m' uan geal 'n a bean-baile ann!
 Bean mo chridhe, etc.



TAOBH ABHAINN AORA.

AIR FONN,—“*Tha buaidh air an uisge-bheatha.*”

SEISD —Mo chiad mìle beannachd
 Air an éiteag chiùin, cheanalta,
 Bha leam-sa, glé leannanach,
 An raoir, taobh abhainn Aora.

Mo rùn a' chaileag Mhorairneach,
 Dh' fhàg ioma òg-bhean farmadach,
 'S na gillean chleachd bhi sealg oirre
 A nis air lorg mo ghaoil-sa.

Fhir leis nach toigh bhi dealachadh
 Ri d' chridhe, fan bho 'n chailin ud,
 Air-neo cha n- fhada dh-fhanas tu
 Gun leòn nach leighis léigh dhuit.

Bean òg na pearsa dhàicheil i,
 Bean òg a' chridhe chàirdeil i,
 Bean chaoin a' bheulain bhlàth-bhinn,
 'S na deud mar dheàrrsa gréine.

Gu uile dhreach mo leannain-sa
 A mholadh mar bu mhath leam dhuibh,
 'S ann dh' fheumainn spiorad rannaireachd
 Sean fhilidhean na Féinne.

Tha i gu léir eo flurailteach,
 Co ghaolach, aobhach, fluranach,
 'S gu 'm bheil mi féin a h-uile la
 'Dol tuille 's tuille 'n déigh oirr'.

SINE BHOIDHEACH OG NA REILIG.

AIR FONN,—“*Tha mo rùn air a' ghille.*”

SEISD :—Gu ma fada slàn an éiteag,
 'Sine bhòidheach, òg na Réilig!
 'S fad' o 'n thoill 's a fhuair an té ud
 Gaol a dh' fhanas buan leam.

Gu ma sona, slàn an òg-bhean
 Dh' fhàg mi 'n dé 's an Réilig bhòidheach ;
 'S beag an t-ioghna mi bhi spòrsail
 Càch a bhi 'g a luaidh rium.
 Gu ma fada, etc.

Co 's a' bhaile, air là féille.
 Ni gach caileag eile eudmhòr—
 Sùil nan gillean òg gu léir oirr' ?
 Co ach té 'n fhuili ruadh-bluidh' !
 Gu ma fada, etc.

Aig an t-searmoin, 's beag an t-ioghna
 Ciadan dhiubh bhi 'cumail sùil oirr',
 'S gun e 'n comas fear na cùbaid
 Féin a shùil thoirt bh' uaipe !
 Gu ma fada, etc.

Fhuair i bho 'n t-subh-craoibh 's an ròsan
 Blas a's dreach a beulain ceòl'ar—
 Beul d' am buin an deud dlùth, òrdail,
 Geal mar neòinean bruaiche.
 Gu ma fada, etc.

Ri tìm binneas tho'irt bho theudan
 Sud 'measg chaileagan air déil i
 Mar an eala bhàn 'measg fhaoileann
 Air uchd Caoil a' gluasad !
 Gu ma fada, etc.

Mar am Màigh thu, 'ghràidh, 'n am shùil-sa,
 Cha n- 'eil là gun àilleachd ùr òrt ;—
 Dh' fheumadh filidh chumadh cliù ort
 Bhi gun tàmh rì d' ghuallain.
 Gu ma fada, etc.



COMA 'BHILIADHN' UR OIRNNE BHI DLUTH.

AIR FONN,—“*Cuachag nan craobh.*”

Coma 'bhiliadh'n' ùr oirrne bhi dlùth,
 Dhòmh-sa cha dùth sòlas,
 'Faighinn 'n am thaobh, dosguinn nach faod
 Lighich fo 'n ghréin fhògradh.
 'S leòir an ceann-fàth sud bhi mar tha
 Fuarachadh gràdh Mòraig ;
 Mar dean i rium réit' 's furasd' a leugh'
 Gur ionnan 's an t-eug dhòmh-s' e.

Bean nan gorm-shùil fo mhala chaol, chiùin—
 Bean nan rosg bànn, bruad'rach—
 Bean a' chùil òir,—'s duine glé chòr
 Chì i gun leòn buan air.
 Uiseag an t-sléibh 'dùsgadh na gréin',
 Sud i a' seinn dhuanag !
 B' fheàrr bhi gun lùth sinnte fo 'n ùir
 No maireann, 's mo rùn fuar rium.

'S tric mi, 's tu bh' nam, 'cuimhneachadh uair
 Bha thu, a luaidh, glé ait
 M' fhaicinn ri d' thaobh suas ud fo 'n chraoibh
 'S minic rinn leam éisdeachd
 Aidmheil do ghràidh, gealladh do làmh
 Thabhairt fo shnaim cléir dhomh,—
 Gealladh mo leòin—ealamh gu leòir,
 Ach diombuan mar cheò céitein !

'S e mheudaich mo ghruaim 's a thanaich mo ghruaidh
 D' fhaighinn 'toirt cluas dheònach
 Do mhuinntir tha treun gu èuinneadh nam breug—
 'G altrum d' an taobh dòchas
 Gu 'n toir thu gaol iùr do 'n bhalach tha 'n dùil
 Gu 'n ceannaich a chrùin mar bhò thu !
 Gabh earail 'n a thràth,—till thugam, le bàigh,
 A's faigh 'n am ghaol blàth sòlas.



ANNA GHAOLACH GHLINN-CRO.

AIR FONN,—“*Latha dhomh bhi 's tigh-òsda.*”

Mo thruagh fleasgach bheir gaol
 Do bhean le centachd ro-mhòr—
 Té do'n dualach na ciadan
 A bhi dian air a tòir!
 Sud an t-aobhar dh' fhàg mise
 'N diugh fo airtueal gu leòir,
 'S mo chion-falaich, glé thaoin dhomh,
 Air Anna ghaolach Ghlinn-crò.

B' esan fèin an daor-ùmaidh
 Chitheadh ùr-bhean mo luaidh
 Gun bhi tabhairt d' a bòidhchead
 A' chiad aite 'n a smuain;
 Geug a dh-fhaodadh mac diùca
 Bhi glé spòrsail a bhuan—
 Co air bith leis an lùb i,
 'S leis bhi mùirneach m' a bhuaidh.

'S fad' o n' dhùisg i 'n am chliabh-sa
 Gaol a's fiabhrus neo-ghann;
 B' fheàrr nach faca mi riamh i
 Ma 's gaol diamhain tha ann;—
 Ach nach coma cia aotrom
 Do rùn m' eudail mo roinn,
 'S deimhinn leam gus an eug dhomh
 Nach tig caochladh air m' fhonn.

Fhir a shiùbbblas a null uainn
Gu Loch-long nan sruth tlàth,
Thoir ceud beannachd bhlàth, chaoimhneil
Bh' uam gu maighdean mo ghràidh,
'S thoir dhi fios, mur a math leath'
Orm glé ath-ghearr sgeul bàis,
Nach ro-luath mar fhear-bainnse
Gheibh mi greim air a làmh.



GAOL GUN DOCHAS.

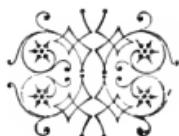
AIR FONN,—“*Bithidh fonn oirre daonnan.*”

An diugh, ged 's fada bh' uam i
 'Am bruadar bha mi 'n raoir le
 Bean meachair a' chùil ruadh-bhuidh'
 'S na gruaidh air dath a' chaorainn.
 B' i sud an aisling shuairce
 'Rinn tuille 's luath mo thréigsinn,
 'G am fhàgail, tìm dhomh dùsgadh,
 Glé dhlùth air sileadh dheura.

Mo rùn-sa—ged glé dhiamhain—
 Bean og na h-iomhaigh àluinn !
 Mar 's faide bh'uam a gaol-sa
 'S ann 's truime 'n gaol so chràidh mi.
 B' fheàrr leam bhi faighinn cinnte
 Air roinn glé bheag d'a fabhar
 Na gealladh air stàid iarla
 An diugh bho bheul na bàн-righ.

A ghaoil ! ma mhaireas buan dhuit
 An fhuarachd so a chlaoïdh mi,
 C' arson a fhuair thu chaoïn-shùil
 Chuir breisleach gaoil air milltean ?
 C' arson bha riamh do chòmlìradh
 Cho binn ri ceòl nan teud leam,
 'S tu uile mar ròs-gàraidh
 Fad', fad' thar càch 'an ceutachd ?

Mo thruaigh, nach ann gun aobhar
 Mar so leam féin a seinn mi,
 Le dubhachas 'n am ghruaidhean
 A's oidhche bhuan air m' inntinn !
 Mo bheannachd leis gach faoin-dhùil
 Bha aon uair leam co priseil ;—
 Do chridhe dh' easbhuidh dòchas
 'S e 'n uaigh a mhàin blieir siocaint.



CEIT RUNACH IONAR-FEORAIN.

AIR FONN,—“*Hi ri ri 's ho ra-ill o,
Mo nighean donn a's boidhche.*”

SEISD :—Rùn mo chléibh-sa 'n éiteag chiùin
Air an glé mhath luidheas cliù ;—
Sud agaibh i, 'n leng gun smùr,
Ceit rùnach Ionar-feòrain !

Mar tha 'n ròs an lios nam blàth
Bòidheach thar gach flùr 'n a dhàil
Tha 'n am shùil-sa measg nam mnà
Ceit bhàn-bhuidh' Ionar-feòrain.
Rùn mo chléibh-sa, etc.

Dean de 'n ròs a's deirge tuar
Duilleag chur air sneachd an stuaign,
'S gheibh thu beachd glé mhath air gruaidh
Ceit ghuamach Ionar-feòrain.
Rùn mo chléibh-sa, etc.

Seall air faileasan nan reul
'Deàrrsadhbh air uchd sèimh a' chaoil,
'S gheibh thu annta sud ceart neul
A blàth-shùl aobhach, mhòdhar.
Rùn mo chléibh-sa, etc.

An tonn-mara 's gile bàrr,
No gheug-abhuill 's gile blàth
Cha bhiodh idir geal 'an làth'ir
Uchd modhail, bànn na h-òigh ud.
Rùn mo chléibh-sa, etc.

Thug mo Cheit bho 'n t-seillein chiar
Am blas milis tha m'a bial,
'S ghoid i bho 'n bhogh'-froise trian
De 'n sgiamh tha air a h-òr-fhalt.
Rùn mo chléibh-sa, etc.



MO CHAILEAG SHUAINEARTACH.

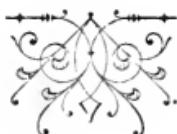
AIR FONN,—“*Màiri bhàn òg.*”

Na 'm bithinn na 'm bhàrd a réir mo ghuidhe,
 Co 'n òigh bu roghainn do m' dhàن ?
 Co ach an té shuaire bho Shuaineart buidhe
 Bha 'n raoir a' gabhail leam sràid !
 Mar thiginn a' Mhàigh do eòin an fhirich
 Tha h-aoidh 's a furan do m' chàil.
 B'e féin am fear diù, gun tùr, gun chridhe,
 A chì, 's nach tugadh dhi gràdh.

Nach mise bhiodh làn de spòrs na 'm faighinn
 Mar chéile caileag mo rùn—
 Bean ùr a' chùil òir thar ghàirdean geala
 'Ruith slos gu meadhon a cùil !
 Bhiodh cannach nan àrd fo sgàile 'n sealladh
 A braigh geal cumachdail, ciùin :
 Cha bheag a' chùis eud dhomh féin an t-anart
 Gheibh còir air luidhe ris dlùth.

Fhuair m' annsachd mar thrian de sgiamh a h-aghaidh
 Sùil ghorm fo mhala gun ghruaim ;
 Thug lilidh an raoin d' a deud a gilead,
 'S an ròs an rugha d' a gruaidh ;
 Thug subhag nam blàr do bheul na finne
 A millse maille r' a snuadh,
 A's uiseag an t-sléibh d' a teud am binneas
 Fhuair cliù a mhaireas dhi buan.

'N uair thig oirnn a nall a' Bhealltuinn bhuidhe
 'Cur loinn air monadh a's blàr,
 'S a bhitheas na h-eòin feadh chòs a's chranna
 A' strì co 's fileanta dàn,
 Gheibh caileag mo ghaoil mi féin uair eile
 R' a taobh ri leannanachd bhlàth ;
 'S cha ghabhainn mòr ioghna còrdadh 's banais
 Bhi crùnadhl grinneas mo ghràidh !



TUIREADH DHOMHNUILL CIBEIR.

AIR FONN,—“*Tha mise 'n so'm luidhe.*”

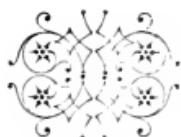
An dé, 'n lagan na h-àiridh,
 'Stigh fo sgàth nan geug uaine,
 Chualas cibeir ri òran,
 'S b' e so pàirt de 'throm-uallach :—
 “ Ma 's fear eile gheibh Mairi,
 'N déigh gach blàth ghealladh fhuair mi,
 Cha n-'eil maighdean fo 'n ghréin ud
 A gheibh gaol tuille bh' uam-sa !

'S beag an t-ioghna ged bhithheadh
 Mo chùl tuille ri sòlas,
 'S mi a' cuimhneachadh làithean
 Bha i gràdhach gu leòir rium,—
 Gibhtean gaoil, 's cha b' uair ainneamh,
 Bh' uam 'g an gabhail glé spòrsail,
 'S cuid dhiu fathasd, mur breug dhomh,
 Air uchd m' eudail ag òradh.

B' e sud féin an t-uchd sneachd-gheal—
 Uchd bha tric dhomh 'n a chluasaig ;
 Fàth mo bhròin gu 'm buin dreach dha
 'Nis na 's pailte na suairceas !
 Amhuil sòbhrachan glé ghrinn
 Faighinn freumh feadh nan cruaidh-chreag ;
 Amhuil fearann cruaidh, reòta,
 'S an sneachd bòidheach air uachdar.

Ciod, a ghaoil, tha 'gad dhalladh
 'N uair a ghabhadh tu sean-duin'—
 Fear bu chòir bhi 'n ad shealladh
 'N a chùis sgreamh agus an-tlachd ?
 Ged a gheibh thu e maoineil,
 'S beag am feum sud do m'annsachd
 Mur'eil *guinea* 'n a sporan
 Gun, ma choinneamh, snaim theann air.

Ciod am feum a bhi bruidhinn ?
 Cha tu idir 'n ad aonar
 A tha 'n diugh, air sgàth 'n codach,
 Deas gu bodaich a phòsad.
 Ach a dh-aindeoin sud uile,
 'S e mo ghuidhe 's mo dhòchas
 A chiad uair a bhios gairm ort
 Gur e m'ainm-sa bhios còmh'l riut !



A BHEAN UD 'RINN MO LEONADH.

AIR FONN,—“*A nighean doun na h-airidh.*”

A bhean ud rinn mo leònadh,
 Nach fan thu bh' uam, nach fan thu bh' uam !
 O 'n dh' fhàg thu mi gun dòchas,
 Gur dona dhuit, gur dona dhuit
 Bhi nis a' magadh m' àmhghair
 Le d' mheall-shùilean, le d' mheall-shùilean ;
 O 'n rinn an gaol am fàgail,
 Bho m' shealladh leo, bho m' shealladh leo !

Gur coma leam an samhradh,
 Ged 's bòidheach e, ged 's bòidheach e ;
 'S cha mhodha, tràth a' gheamhraidh,
 Thig sòlas dhomh, thig sòlas dhomh :
 Bheir flùir an t-samhraidh 'm smuaintean
 Do sgèimhealachd, do sgèimhealachd,
 A's reoatha 'gheamhraidh 'n fhuarachd
 Tha còmhladh ris, tha còmhladh ris.

B' e féin an lighich suairee
 A dh-innseadh dhomh, a dh-innseadh dhomh
 An deoch a bheireadh bh' uam-sa
 Gach cuimhne ort, gach cuimhne ort.
 Gu'n òlainn clis a suas i,
 Toil-inntinneach, toil-inntinneach ;
 'S e'n t-aon ni dh' fhàgas buan mi
 Tur dhì-chuimhn' ort, tur dhì-chuimhn' ort !



M' ULAIDH 'S M' EUDAIL BHAN.

AIR FONN,—“*Kelvingrove.*”

Tiugainn leam uair eile 'n Dùn,
 M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn,
 Dùn nam maigheach a's boc lùth'r,
 M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn,
 Far an tiughe fàs nam flùr,
 'S am faigh 'chuthag d' a gug-gùg
 Freagradh ait bho chreagan dlùth,
 M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn !

Sud ad t-ionad 's am bu chòir,
 M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn,
 Dhuinn bhi 'g ùrachadh nam bòid,
 M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn,
 'S am blàth-shùgradh bh' agaínn ann
 Iomadh latha, 'n uair is gann
 Chuir sinu cùl ri bhi 'n ar clann,
 M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn.

'S tric mo chuimhne air an t-sùrd,
 M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn,
 Chleachd bhi agaínn trusadh chnù,
 M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn,
 Uairibh eile feadh nam frìth
 'Tional shubhagan gun dìth—
 Cuirm gu leòir do nighean rìgh,
 M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn !

'S feàrr gu mòr aon druid an sealbh,
M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàن,
Ro dà smeòrach fad air falbh,
M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn.
Tiugainn leam, mata, a suas,
Uraich dhomh-sa 'n tìm chaidh uainn,
'S gabh dhuit fèin blàth-ghaol mar dhuais,
M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn.



“CHA CHALL NA GHEIBH CARAID.”

AIR FONN,—“*Fhir a dhireas am bealach,
Thoir mo shoraidh do 'n ghleannan ud shuas.*”

“Cha chall na gheibh caraid”—
Tha 'n a shean-fhacal furasd' a ràdh,
Ach 's ni eile bhi dearbhta
Gur h-i 'n fhìrinn gun mheirg sud 's gach càs.
Na'm biodh esan a labhair
A' chainnt fhaoin ud 'n am ionad-sa 'n tràths',
'S gann a bhiodh e glé thoilicht'
Ged b'e 'm fear ghabh brath-foill air, a bhràthair.

SEISD :—Air faillirinn, uillirinn,
Ochorinn, O ! co 'shaoil
Gu'm biodh foill ann am fàbhar
'N uair 's eu-dòchas a's bàs e do'n ghaol ?

An tràth bhitheas an uiseag
Anns na speura gu luinneagach shuas
'S tric a thig an t-eun coimheach,
'S gu mi-nàdurra, luidhidh 'n a cuaiich ;—
'S ann mar sud thachair dhòmh-sa
A thaobh maighdean bhòidheach mo luaidh ;
Air bhi dhomh 'an tìr aineoil
Ghoid daor nàmh, 'an riochd caraid, i bh' uam.
Air faillirinn, etc.

Na'm bu choigreach dhomh esan
'Rinn a mealladh, cha'n fhosglainn mo bheul;
'S fada ghabh sud o'n fhleasgach
'Mhill co dìchiollach aisling mo ghaoil:
Caraid eridhe, nam b' fhìor e—
Có ach esan gu dian air mo thaobh!
Ach fo'n chóinnich a's tlàithe
'S tric an nathair a's bàsmhoire beum.
Air faillirinn, etc.

Ann an toiseachadh m' eòlais
Air an te so a leòn mi co gheur
Bha i blàth chridheach, banail,—
B' fhada doighean an t-sionnaich bho 'beus ;
Ach 'an làmh an fhir ruaidh ud
'Dh' fhàs co chuilbheartach, chluaineasach chlaon,
'S gann gun tugainn mo ghealladh
Nach fàs m' uan air aon tearradh ris féin.
Air fàillirinn, etc.

Na'm biodh fios aig mo leannan
Air guin blhrònach mo chridhe d'a dìth,
Bu ghlé shuarach 'na barail
An dubh-chealgair dh' fhàg dealaichte sinn.
Mo thruaigh féin an droch stiùireadh
Dh' fhàg an diugh aig an Iùdas ud i!
Amhuil dealan-dé bòidheach
Ann am beairt figh'dair-spàgach nan lion.
Air faillirinn, etc.



GED THA 'BHEALLTUINN SO SNUADHMHOR.

AIR FONN.—“*Gràdh geal mo chrìdh.*”

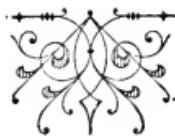
Ged tha 'Bhealltuinn so snuadhmhòr,
 Tha mi suarach gu leòir
 Mu ghuth milis na cuache
 'S an druid ghuanaich 'g a còir :
 Bho'n là chaill mi Nic-Eallair
 'S e mo roghainn dubh-bhròn ;
 Amhuil calman 's a leannan
 Aig a' chlamhan 'n a spòig.

Cha n- e fuigheal nan sòbhrag
 Bha cho mòr ann am shùil,
 Ach ròs-gàraidh an Og-mhios
 Fo luchd deàrrsach de 'n driùchd.
 'N uair bu mhòtha mo dhòchas
 Mu bhlàth bòidheach mo rùin
 Spion fear eile gu seòlt e
 'S dh' fhàg e dhòmh-sa 'm preas rùisgt'.

A bhean mheachair so chiùrr mi
 An tùs sùgradh 'n droch spéid
 B'e do thochradh—'s bu leòir e—
 Do ghnùis bhòidheach gun bheud :
 Cha do bhac sud na ciadan
 Bhi glé dhian riùm ag eud,
 Faicinn agam-sa 'n rùn sin
 Rinn thu dhiùltadh dhoibh féin.

Nam b' ùr-ghallan òg, uasal
 Do'm buin suairceas a's cliù
 A fhuair m' eudail 'n liontan
 Bu lugha m' ioghna mu'n chùis;
 Ach do làmh tho'irt do bhalach
 Aois do sheanair, a rùin,
 B'e sud pòsadhbh na h-iath-shlait
 Ris an liath-bhalla bhrùit'!

Ged tha 'shabhal glé lànail,
 'S crodh gu leòir 'n a chuid bhual,
 Faodaidh 'thigh bhi gun mhànan,
 'S a chuid òir fo ghais chruaidh,
 Faodaidh osnaidhean glé thric
 A bhi reubadh cneas m' uain;
 'S cha bhi mise air dì-chuimhn'
 An là bhios deur air a grnaidh.



BI 'FALBH, BI 'FALBH ORT, A GHEAMH-
RAIDH GHRUAMAICH.

Chaidh an t-òran so a dheanamh air do'n mhaighdinn air am bheil
e ag iomradh bhi ann an eas-shlainte. Bha an duan a leanas e air
a sgrlobhadh goirid an déigh do'n mhaighdinn sin caochladh.

AIR FONN,—“*Och, mar tha mi 's mi 'n am aonar.*”

SEISD :—

O, tilleadh slàinte gun dàil do'n rìbhinn—
An ainnir ghrinn bha mar m' anail dhòmh-sa !
A' chaileag ghaolach 'thug gaol gun dìth dhomh,
Mo thruaigh mi fèin ma's e'n t-eug gheibh còir oirr' !

Bi 'falbh, bi 'falbh ort, a gheamhraidh ghruamaich !
A gheamhraidh dhuaichnidh, gun truas gun tràcair !
'S ann ré do chùrsa a sheac an t-ùr-bhlàth
Tha 'n dingh gun dùil ri bhi tuille nòsar.

Mo ghaol geal riomhach ! na 'm biodh dhuit ioc-shlaint'
'Am fuil mo chri-sa, bu leat le m' dheòin sud ;
'S bu leòir mar phàigheadh le d' leannan cràiteach
Aon sealladh gràdhach bho d' bhlàth-shuil mhòdhar.

Bho n- fhuaire mi sgeul bean mo ghaoil bhi ciùrrta,
Mar chlàrsach bhrùite, gun sùrd, gun cheòl mi,
No'n calman-coille a' caoidh 'an uaigneas
A leannan suaire' aig an t-seobhag, leòinte,

O ! gu a faicinn 's an t-slàinte bh' aice
A' chiad là bheachdaich mi dreach a ròs-ghruaidh,
'S a sùilean caoimhneil mar chlachan daoimein
A ghoid an soillse bho reul na glòmuinn !

'S tric maduinn glé ghrinn aig latha deurach,—
 Am flùr a's ceutaiche 'measg nan sòbhrag
'S e 's luaithe 'chrionas,—'s ged 's cruidh e, 's fior e,
 An cridhe 's caoimhe 's e 's trice 'leònar.

O, Earraich àluinn, greas, greas le d' bhlàth's oirnn !
 Thig, thig gun dàil, a's fàg fallain Seònaid!
Bi'dh againn dà ghrian ma ni thu slàn i,—
 'S gun ise slàn 's e 'n dubh-earrach dhòmh's' thu.



O, SEINNIBH, 'ILLEAN, SEINNIBH LEAM.

AIR FONN,—“*'Ille dhuinn 's toigh leam thu.*”

SEISD :—O, seinnibh, 'illean, seinnibh leam
 Rann gaoil mu m' cheud ghràdh bòidheach,
 'S a' ghleann 's an tric a choinnich sinn
 Cha n- fhaic mi tuille Seònaid.

O seinnibh cliù na h-ainnir ud
 Nach cum rium tuille còmhail
 Far am bu tric, 'g a faotainn leam,
 Mo chridhe 'leum le sòlas.
 O, seinnibh, etc.

O seinnibh, 'n uair a thàrladh dhonh
 Bhi faighinn failte 's pòg uaip',
 Cia mar bu mhodha 'm shùil-sa sud
 Na còir air crùn rìgh Deòrsa.
 O, seinnibh, etc.

O seinnibh nach b' e 'n t-ioghna
 Mi bhi 'n sud mu m' rùn cho spòrsail ;
 Bu leòir a dreach chur éibhneas
 Air an fheur a bha fo 'brògan.
 O, seinnibh, etc.

Droch fhortan oirre 'mheall i bh' uam
 Gu bhi measg Ghoill a' còmhnuidh !
 Ceart mar mo chridhe 'spionadh bh' uam
 Bha dhòmh-sa dith mo Sheònaid.
 O, seinnibh, etc.

Mo thruaigh mi nach sgeul bréige dhomh
 An sgeul tha 'n diugh ga m' leònadh !
 Mo léir-chreach gun do chaochail i,
 'S tha 'n saoghal 'n a eallach dhòmh-sa !
 O, seinnibh, etc.

MALI BHOIDHEACH MHIOG-SHUILEACH.

AIR FONN.—“*Nighean donn na h-àiridh.*”

Mo rùn air Mali bhòidheach—

Mo Mhali bhòidheach, mhìog-shuileach !
An gaol a thug i dhòmh-sa

Cha cheannaicheadh òr nan Innsean uam.
Cha n-'eil bean eile 'n diugh fo 'n ghréin,
Ged b' ann de dhearbh fhuil rìghrean i,
B' fheàrr leam-sa 'n ceangal-pòsaidh
Na Mali bhòidheach, mhiog-shuileach.

O, 's tric le Mali àluinn

Gun fhios do chàch 'n am shìneadh mi
'N sud shuas 'am fochair fàs-choill
Nan ciada eun beag, binu-cheòlach,—
Mo bheul r' a beul—aon làmh fo 'ceann,
Làmh eile teann 'g a crìodachadh,
'S mo chridhe 'snàmh 'an sòlas
Le Mali bhòidheach, mhiog-shuileach.

'S glé òg a thug mi gaol dhi,

'S thug ise glé luath dioladh dhomh ;
Ma bhios mi fada slainteil,

Mo làmh, cha bhi sud diomhain dhi.

Ged chuirinn seachad uile bliadhna

'M fagus sgiamhl na rìbhinn ud,
'Sann 'bhiodh i 'm shealladh 'n còmhnaidh
Na Mali bhòidheach, mhiog-shuileach !

NAIGHEACHD GUN IARRAIDH.

AIR FONN,—“*Màiri bhàn Dhail-an-eas.*”

Am bruadar so, am faoin-sgeul e,
 No ’m faod e a bhí fior
 Gu ’m bheil mo ghealag rùnach
 Aig fear ùr a nis ’n a lion ?
 Cha tig, cha tig ath-sgeul dhomh air,—
 Na ’n tigeadh, b’ éibhneach mi ;
 Ach o ’n chaidh ’n t-snaim do-sgaoileadh ort
 De ’n t-saogh’l so tha mi sgìth !

Mo léir-chreach féin na boirionnaich !
 ’S glé ainneamh gheibhhear té
 Nach toir, mur bi thu cùramach,
 Dhuit ciùrr nach leighis léigh.
 Mar ’s modha bheir thu ìmhìlachd dhoibh
 ’S ann ’s lugha ’n rùn miu d’ dhéigh ;
 ’S e m’ aineolas mu ’n dòighean
 Dh’ fhàg an diugh mo leòn co gheur.

Bu daor, bu daor a cheannaich mi
 An sonas nach robh buan ;
 ’N uair shaoil mi bhi aig caladh
 ’S ann a bha mi ’n iochd a’ chuain.
 Mo thruaigh mi ! ciod so dh-fhairich mi
 Nach d’ aithnich thu ni ’s luaith ?
 ’S ann ’n uair a chaidh do spùinneadh bh’ uam
 A dhùisg mi ás mo shuain.

O ! cuime, 'ghaoil, a dh' fhàg thu mi ?
 Bha là bu leam do phòg,—
 Bu leam do ghealladh faillineach
 Bha aon uair blàth gu leòir ;
 Bu leam bli tric a' mànran riut
 'N uair bhitheadh càch 'n an clò :
 Cha n- ioghma 'n diugh, 's mo smuain air sud,
 Mo ghruidh bhi glas gu leòir.

'S e thu bhi aig an t-sionnach ud,
 A rùin, fo cheangal buan
 Dh' fhàg cadal nis 'n a annas dhomh,
 'S mo chridhe trom mar luaidh ;
 'S gann 's urrainn mòran sonais
 Bhi taobb teallaich bean do shnuadh,
 'S do chuimhne air mar bhuin thu rium
 'Tigh'n ort mar ghuth o 'n uaigh.

A fhleasgaich òig, bi furachail,—
 Aon earail gabh uam féin
 Na bi ro-dheas gu d' chridhe
 Thoirt do bhean air bith fo 'n ghréin.
 Ged gheibh thu 'n coslas aingil i,
 Ma 's buinneag i gun stéidh,
 Gu 'n dean i 'n tùs dhiot amadan
 A's aithreachan 'n a dhéigh.



'S E 'N LEON AN GAOL.

AIR FONN.—“*A chailinn duinn a' chuailein réidh.*”

SEISD :—Hil ù, hil ò, 's e 'n leòn an gaol,
 Hil ù, hil ò, 's e 'n leòn an gaol,
 Hil ù, hill ò, 's e 'n leòn on gaol ;
 Mo chùlthaobh féin gu buileach ris !

'S e 'n gaol a' phlàigh a leòn mo chì,
 'S a dh' fhàg mi tric gun fhois gun sìth,
 Mar eun 'an cliabh no iasg 'an lòn,
 Ach feuch an strìochd mi tuille dha !
 Hil ù, etc.

Ciod dh' fhàg mi déigheil tuille 's còir
 Air féilltean, bainnsean, dannsa 's ceòl ?
 An ni dh' fhàg falamh tric mo phòc',—
 'S e gaol nan òigh rinn uile sud.
 Hil ù, etc.

Ciod thug mi tric do'n ghleann ud shuas
 'N uair b' fheàrr a bhuineadh dhomh bhi 'm shuain ?
 Ciod e theap m' fhalachadh 's an uaigh
 Ach buaireadair na dunach so !
 Hil ù, etc.

A fhleasgaich ud tha fathasd saor,
 Cum dùinte d' uchd, mur 'eil thu 'n gaol
 Air cridhe trom, air cadal faoin,
 'S do leaba bhi mar chuileann duit.
 Hil ù, etc.

An té tha bòidheach fad' thar càch
 Cha n- fhaigh thu còir oirre le stràic ;
 'S b' e gaol bho ghuanag—ruadh no bànn—
 Bhi glacadh ceò nam mullaichean !
 Hil ù, etc.

Thoir dhòmh-sa, 'n uair tha 'n t-àm dhomh dlùth
 Bhi deanamh roghainn, té do 'n cliù
 A bhi o dhaoine còire, ciùin,
 'S a giùlan féin 'toirt urras air.
 Hil ù, etc.



AN T-ORANAICHE:

DEDICATED TO J. F. CAMPBELL, ESQ., OF ISLAY.

THE BEST COLLECTION OF POPULAR GAELIC SONGS EVER PUBLISHED,

MOST OF WHICH HAVE
NEVER BEFORE APPEARED IN PRINT.

The Collection contains nearly three hundred of the most popular Gaelic Songs, forming a handsome volume of 527 Pages, Demy 8vo., printed in bold clear type, on thick toned paper, handsomely bound, full cloth, gilt. Price,—Ten Shillings and Sixpence. Postage and Registration fee, One Shilling extra.

A limited number of copies, elegantly bound, Half-Morocco, Gilt Edges, (suitable for presentation). Price, Fourteen Shillings and Sixpence. Postage and Registration fee, One Shilling extra.

As Part First is nearly out of print, parties desirous of securing the complete work, should communicate with the compiler without delay.

ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR,
PRINTER & PUBLISHER,
62 ARGYLE STREET
GLASGOW.

JUST PUBLISHED—Crown 8vo., 270 p.p., Price 2s.6d.,
Postage to Colonies, 6d. extra.

(Fac-simile of Title Page.)

T H E

CELTIC GARLAND.

TRANSLATIONS

OF

GAElic AND ENGLISH SONGS,

AND

GAElic READINGS, &c., &c.

BY FIONN.

SECOND EDITION.



GLASGOW:
ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, 62 ARGYLE STREET.
EDINBURGH: MACLACHLAN & STEWART.

1889.

CATALOGUE
OF
CELTIC BOOKS
AND
Works Relating to the Highlands of Scotland
PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY
MACLACHLAN & STEWART,
64 SOUTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH.

Old Celtic Books Purchased.

Please show this Catalogue to your Highland Friends, or advise them to send for one.

EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

Armstrong (R. A.)—Gaelic Dictionary: in two parts, Gaelic-English and English-Gaelic, 4to, *calf*, 30s 1825

**English and English Gaelic,
Gaelic Lesson Books, I.-IV.—**

1. An Ceud Leabhar air son nan Sgoiltean Gaelach a ta air an cumail suas le Comunn Ardsheanaidh Eaglais na h-Alba, 18mo, *sewed*, price 2d
 2. An Dara Leabhar, 18mo, *sewed*, price 4d
 3. An Treas Leabhar, 18mo, *cloth*, price 6d
 4. An Ceathramh Leabhar, 18mo, *cloth*, price 6d

Dictionary Scoto Celticum: a Dictionary of the Gaelic Language; comprising an ample Vocabulary of Gaelic words, and Vocabularies of Latin and English words, with their translation into Gaelic. Compiled and published under the direction of the Highland Society of Scotland, in two volumes, 4to, £3, 10s 1828

Gillies (H. C., M.B., etc.)—Gaelic Texts for Schools (New Code),
with Grammar, Vocabulary, and full Notes and Exercises on
Parsing, Analysis, etc., Part I., 8vo, *sewed*, price 6d

GAELIC PROSE WORKS.

- Alleine** (J.)—Alarm to the Unconverted, 18mo, *cloth*, price 1s 6d
- Baxter** (R.)—A Call to the Unconverted to turn and live, 1s 6d
 — The Saints' Everlasting Rest, 18mo, *cloth*, price 2s 6d
- Beith** (A.)—Catechism on Baptism, 18mo, *sewed*, price 1d
- Bonar** (H.)—Christ is all, 18mo, *sewed*, 3d
 — God's Way of Peace, 18mo, *sewed*, 1s
- Boston** (T.)—Crook in the Lot (wanting a few leaves), *scarce*,
 price 2s
- Buchanan** (Dugald) — The Life and Conversion of Dugald Buchanan, with his Spiritual Hymns, 18mo, *cloth*, price 2s
 — Hymns, separate, price 3d ; *cloth*, 6d
 — Reminiscences of the Life and Labours of Dugald Buchanan, with his Spiritual Songs, and an English version of them, by the Rev. A. Sinclair, A.M., cr. 8vo, *cloth*, price 2s 6d
- Bunyan** (John)—Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ, 18mo, *cloth*, price 2s
 — The World to Come ; or, Visions of Heaven and Hell, 18mo, *cloth*, price 1s 6d
 — Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners, 18mo, *cl.*, price 2s
 — The Pilgrim's Progress, 18mo, price 2s 6d
 — Uisge na Beatha. The Water of Life, 18mo, *cloth*, price 1s
 — Sighs from Hell ; or, the Groans of a Damned Soul, 18mo, *cloth*, price 2s
 — The Heavenly Footman, 18mo, *cloth*, price 1s
- Burder** (Rev. G.)—Village Sermons, 18mo, *cloth*, price 1s 6d
- Campbell** (J. F.)—Popular Tales of the West Highlands, Gaelic and English, 4 vols. feap. 8vo, hf.-cf. gilt, price £3, 3s 1862
- Caraid nam Peacach.** The Sinner's Friend, 12mo, *sewed*, 3d
- Catechism** : The Shorter Catechism, price 1d
 — The Same, with proofs, 2d
- Clerk** (M. C.)—A Birth-Day Book ; or, Highlander's Book of Days, in Gaelic and English, selected from "Ossian," Sheriff Nicolson's "Proverbs," and other sources, with Introduction, by Principal Shairp, of St Andrews University, feap. 8vo, *cloth*, price 3s 6d
- Confession of Faith**, feap. 8vo, *cloth*, price 2s 6d
 — Admhail an Chreidimh air an do Reitigh air ttus Coim-lithionol na n Diaghaireadh, aig Niarmboinister, an Sasgan, leis an Daontiughe Ard-seanadb Eaglais na Halbann, 1st edition, *very scarce*, 20s 1725
- Dearbh-bheachd** air Slainte. Assurance of Salvation, 18mo, 6d
- Dewar** (Rev. Dr)—Ceithir Searmoinean, *large type*, 8vo, price 4d
- Doddridge** (P.)—Rise and Progress of Religion, 12mo, *cl.*, price 3s

MACLACHLAN & STEWART,

- Dyer** (W.)—Christ's famous Titles, Believer's Golden Chain, and the Straight Way to Heaven, &c., 18mo, *cloth*, price 2s 6d
- Earle** (J.)—Sacramental Exercises, 18mo, *cloth*, price 1s 6d
- Edward** (Rev. Jonathan)—Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God, 18mo, *sewed*, price 2d
- Flavel** (E.)—Tokens for Mourners, 18mo, *cloth*, price 1s
- Gaelic Tracts** (Assorted Packet, containing 18), price 1s
- Gaidheal** (An)—A Gaelic Magazine. Vols. for 1876 and 1877, 8vo, *cloth*, price 3s 6d each (published at 7s each)
- Guthrie** (W.)—The Christian's Great Interest, 18mo, *cl.*, price 2s
- Hall** (N.)—Thig gu Iosa. Come to Jesus, 18mo, *sewed*, price 6d
- Haughton** (S. M.)—A Saviour for you, 18mo, *sewed*, price 2d
- Irish**—Testament in the Irish Character, cr. 8vo, price 1s 6d 1827
- James's Anxious Enquirer**—Seoladh agus misneach, price 1s
- Loudin** (D.)—Doctrine and Manner of the Church of Rome, 18mo, *sewed*, price 3d
- MacCallum** (D.)—Sop as gach Seid, 2 parts, 3d each.
- Macdonald** (Rev. Dr)—Uisgeachan Iordan, 18mo, *sewed*, 2d
- Macfarlane** (P.)—"Life of Joseph," 18mo, *cloth*, price 1s 6d
- MacLauruinn** (Le. Alastair)—Sdiuradh na Beatha Shaoghalta le Raibeart Dodsley, *half-calf*, 2s 1806
- Mackenzie** (A.)—"History of Scotland," 12mo, price 3s 6d
— (J.)—"History of Prince Charlie," 12mo, price 3s
- Macleod** (Rev. Dr Norman)—Caraid nan Gaidheal. The Highlander's Friend, 8vo, *half-calf*, price 18s
— A Discourse on the Life of the late Rev. Dr Norman Macleod. By the Rev. John Darroch, 8vo, *sewed*, price 6d
- Muir** (Rev. W., D.D.)—Sermoin : "Cumail gu daingean samhladh bhriathar fallain." Translated by the Rev. A. Macintyre, 18mo, *sewed*, price 2d
— A System of Sabbath Lessons for Schools and Families. Translated into Gaelic by John Forbes, 18mo, *sewed*, 4d
- Nicolson** (Alex. M.A., LL.D.)—A Collection of Gaelic Proverbs and Familiar Phrases. Based on Macintosh's Collection, 2nd edition, cr. 8vo, *cloth*, price 6s
— The same, Large paper, 4to, *half-rox.*, price 21s
"If books were bought only for the amount of practical wisdom and valuable advice they contain in small bulk, there are few books, outside the Bible, which ought to have a larger circulation than Sheriff Nicolson's Gaelic Proverbs."—*Scotsman*.
"If we were only rich enough, we should order a copy for every parish in Scotland, and two copies for every parish in Celtland."—*Inverness Courier*.
"We have no hesitation in pronouncing it the most important work of this generation."—*Highlander*.
"We have read it from end to end, and to Highlanders at home and abroad we say, 'Get it.'"—*Northern Chronicle*.

- Phillips** (Rev. J. E.)—Seven Common Faults, translated by H. MacColl, *cloth*, price 1s 1876
- Proverbs of Solomon**—Leabhar nan Gnàthfhocal, air a thionndadh o'n cheud chanain chum Gaelic Albannaich, 2d
- Psalms and Paraphrases**—The Psalms of David, and Paraphrases, with Gaelic and English on parallel columns, 18mo, *cloth*, price 1s
- Saimh Dhaibhliadh maille ri Laoidhean o'n Scriobtuir naomha chum bhi air an seinn ann an aoradh Dhé, air an leasachadh, agus air an cuir a mach a réir seolaidh, iarrtuis agus ughdarrais Seanaidh Earra-ghaeil le I. Smith, D.D., 18mo, *cloth, gilt edges*, price 1s 6d
- Queen** (Her Majesty)—Duilleagan á leabhar cunntas ar Beatha anns a' Ghadhalltachd bho 1848 gu 1861. Agus aithris air turusan roimhe do dh'Albainn, a dh'Eirionn, agus do dh'Eileanan a Chaolais. Eadartheangaichte le ughdaras a Morachd leis an Urr. J. P. St Clair. Journal of our Life in the Highlands. *Illustrated*, cr. 8vo, *cloth*, price 3s 6d (published at 10s 6d) 1878
- Cunntas mo bheatha anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, bho 1862 gu 1882. Translated by Mrs Mary MacKellar, cr. 8vo, *cloth*, price 5s; *slightly soiled*, 3s 6d 1886
- Rainy** (C.)—An Soisgeul ann an India, Eadar-theangaichte gu Gailig leis an Urr J. G. MacNeill, 2s 6d 1888
- Scottish Celtic Review**, Edited by the late Rev. Dr A. Cameron of Brodick, 4 parts, large paper, half-bound, gilt top, price 10s (pub. at 21s)
- Smith** (John, D.D.)—Urnaighean arson Theaghlaichean, &c., "Prayers for Families," &c., 12mo, *sewed*, price 1s
- The same, *cloth, boards*, 1s 6d
- Spurgeon** (C. H.)—Sermon: "Compel them to come in," 12mo, *sewed*, price 2d
- Thomson** (Rev. Dr Andrew)—Sacramental Catechism and Address to Communicants in Gaelic, 2d 1840

GAEILIC POEMS AND SONGS.

- An t-Oranaiche**; no Co-thional taghte do Orain ùr agus shean. The Gaelic Songster, by Archd. Sinclair, 8vo, *cloth*, price 10s 6d
- Buchanan** (D.)—Laoidhean Spioradail. Spiritual Hymns, 18mo, *sewed*, price 3d; *cloth*, 6d
- Spiritual Songs. Translated into English verse by L. Macbean, cr. 8vo, *sewed*, price 1s; or, in *cloth*, price 1s 6d

- Campbell** (John, Ledaig)—Gaelic Poems, *cloth*, price 2s 6d
- Celtic Garland** (The)—Translations of Gaelic and English Songs, Gaelic Readings, &c., by Fionn, cr. 8vo, *cloth*, price 3s
- Clark** (Mrs)—Three Gaelic Poems, translated into English; and an Elegy (with short Memoir) on Kenneth Macdonald, 18mo, *sewed*, price 6d
- Dean of Lismore's Book**—A Selection of Ancient Gaelic Poetry, edited with a Translation and Notes by Rev. Thos. M'Lauchlan, 7s 6d 1862
- Farquharson** (A.)—Laoidhean Shioin, *cloth*, price 1s 6d 1870
- Glenbard** Collection of Gaelic Poetry, containing Poems by Iain Lom, and others, edited by Rev. A. M'Lean Sinclair, price 1s 6d 1888
- Grant** (Peter)—Dain Spioradail. Gaelic Hymns, 18mo, 1s 6d
- Harp** (The) of Caledonia; the most popular collection of Gaelic Songs, 32mo, *sewed*, price 4d
- Laoidhean** Eadar-theangaichte o'n Bheurla. Translations from Hymns, Ancient and Modern, fcap. 8vo, *cloth*, price 6d
- MacColl** (Evan)—Clarsach nam Beann, Dain agus Orain, 2s 6d
— (John) Luinneag nan Gleann, Dain agus Orain, 2s 1885
- Macdonald** (Dr J., Ferintosh)—Marbhrainn a rinneadh air diadh-airibh Urramach, nach maireann; agus Dana Spioradail eile. "Gaelic Poems," 18mo, *cloth*, price 2s 6d
- Macintyre** (Duncan Ban)—"Songs and Poems in Gaelic," with an English Translation of Coire Cheathaich and Ben Dorain, 18mo, *cloth*, price 2s
- Mackay** (Robert)—Orain le Rob Donn. Songs and Poems, 2s 6d
- Mackellar** (Mrs Mary)—Poems and Songs, Gaelic and English, cr. 8vo, *cloth*, price 3s 6d
- Mackenzie** (J.)—Beauties of Gaelic Poetry, 8vo, scarce, 2ls
- MacLachlan** (Dr, Rahoy)—Gaelic Songs with Prefatory Biography, by H. C. Gilles, fcap. 8vo, *sewed*, price 1s
- Maclean** (J.)—Dain Spioradail, maille ri beagan de Laoidhean Mhic Griogair, nach robh gus a so air an clo-bhualadh. "Gaelic Hymns by John Maclean and others," price 2s
- Macneill** (Nigel)—Neniae; with other Poems, fcap. 8vo, 2s
- Macpherson** (D.)—An Duanaire: a new collection of Gaelic Songs and Poems (never before printed), 18mo, *cloth*, price 2s
- Menzies** (A.)—"Collection of Gaelic Songs," cr. 8vo, *cloth*, 3s 6d
- Mountain Songster** (The)—Filidh nam Beann, 18mo, 6d
- Munro** (J.)—An t-Ailleagan; co-chruinneachadh Dhan, Oran, agus Dhuanag, 32mo, *sewed*, price 4d
- Ossian** (The Poems of)—Dana Oisein Mhic Fhinn. Revised by the Rev. Dr M'Lauchlan, 18mo, *cloth*, price 3s

- Ossian**—The Poems of, in the Original Gaelic, with a literal translation into Latin, by R. MacFarlan, together with a Dissertation on the Authenticity of the Poems, by Sir John Sinclair, etc., 3 vols. 8vo, *calf*, 36s 1807
- The Poems of Ossian in the Original Gaelic, with a literal translation into English, and a Dissertation on the Authenticity of the Poems. By the Rev. Archd. Clerk, 2 vols. imp. 8vo, *cloth*, price 31s 6d, for £1, 6s
- M'Naughton** (P.)—The Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, 8vo, *sewed*, price 6d
- Antient** Erse Poems, collected among the Scottish Highlands, in order to illustrate the Ossian of Mr Maepherson, 8vo, *sewed*, 1s
- Smith** (Dr)—Dàn an Deirg agus Tiomna Ghuill (Dargo and Gaul): Two Poems from the Sean Dana. Translated, with a revised Gaelic Text, Notes, and Introduction, by C. S. Jerram, M.A., feap. 8vo, *cloth*, price 2s 6d
- Campbell** (J. F., of Islay)—Leabhar na Féinne. Heroic Gaelic Ballads, consisting of 54,169 lines, collected in Scotland chiefly from 1512 to 1871. Copied from old manuscripts preserved at Edinburgh and elsewhere, and from rare books; and orally collected since 1859; with lists of collections and of their contents, and with a short account of the documents quoted, fcap. folio, *cloth*, price 10s., per post 10s 6d (published at 20s) 1872
- Ross** (Wm.)—"Gaelic Songs," 18mo, *cloth*, price 1s 6d
- Sankey** (Mr)—"Hymns for Times of Blessing," translated by Rev. A. Macrae, price 1d
- Select English Poems with Gaelic Translations, 2nd series, 2s
- Sinclair** (Rev. A. Maclean)—Clarsach na Coille: a Collection of Gaelic Poetry, 18mo, *cloth*, price 3s 6d
- Stewart** (Alexander and Donald)—Cochruinneacha taoghta de shaothair nam Bard Gaelach: a Choice Collection of the Works of the Highland Bards, *boards*, price 15s 1804

HIGHLAND MUSIC AND SONGS.

- Athole** Collection of Dance Music of Scotland, arranged by J. S. Robertson, of Edradynate, 2 vols. folio, *cloth gilt*, price £2, 2s
- Beauties of Scottish Song**, arranged with Pianoforte Accompaniments by Gleadhill, Fulcher, and Thomson, 4to, *cloth gt.*, 12s 6d

- Celtic Lyre (The)**—A Collection of Gaelic Songs, with English translations, and music in both notations, by Fionn. Parts I., II., and III., *fcap. 4to, sewed*, price 6d each
- Fraser's** Airs and Melodies peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland and Islands ; arranged for the pianoforte, 12s 1874
- Macbean (L.)**—The Songs of the Gael : a Collection of Gaelic Songs, with translations, and music in both notations. Parts I. and II., *fcap. 4to, sewed*, price 6d each
- The Sacred Songs of the Gael : a Collection of Gaelic Hymns, with translations, and music in both notations. Parts I. and II., *fcap. 4to, sewed*, price 6d each.
- *Fuinn nan Salm.* Gaelic Psalmody, including the Ancient Tunes and Precentor's Recitations, with introduction, music in both notations, price 6d 1887
- The Songs and Hymns of the Scottish Highlands, with music, translation and Introductory Essay, *cloth*, 3s 1888
- Large Paper, Coloured Initials, 5s 1888
- M'Lachlan (J.)**—The Precentor, or an Easy Introduction to Church Music, with a choice collection of Psalm Tunes, *scarce*, 5s Glasgow, 1779
- Munro (J.)**—*Am Filidh : co-thional ùr de dh'Orain 's de Dhuanagan.* Gaelic Songs, with music, 18mo, *cloth*, price 1s
- Songs of the North**, gathered together from the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, edited by A. C. Macleod and Harold Boulton, *4to, cloth*, price 12s 6d
- Stewart (C.)**—The Killin Collection of Gaelic Songs, with music, and translations, *folio, cloth, extra gilt*, price 15s ; or in *cloth, limp*, price 12s 6d

ENGLISH WORKS RELATING TO THE HIGHLANDS.

- Allen (G.)**—Anglo-Saxon Britain, 2s 6d
- Anderson (J.)**—Scotland in Early Christian Times, *8vo, cl.*, 12s
— The Same, Second Series, price 12s
- Anderson (W.)**—The Scottish Nation, or the Surnames, Families, Literature, Honours, and Biographical History of the People of Scotland, 3 vols. *large 8vo, cloth*, price 25s 1860
- Arnold (Matthew)**, On the Study of Celtic Literature, *8vo, cloth*, price 8s 6d
- Barclay (Dr Hugh)**—Heathen Mythology, Corroborative or Illustrative of Scripture, 2s 1884
- Blackie (Prof. J. S.)**—The Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands, *cr. 8vo, cloth*, price 6s

- Blackie** (Professor)—*Altavona: Fact and Fiction from my Life in the Highlands*, cloth, 7s 6d 1882
 This copy contains the suppressed passages, now scarce.
- *Altavona: Fact and Fiction from my Life in the Highlands*, cr. 8vo, price 6s
- *The Scottish Highlanders and the Land Laws: an Historico Economical Enquiry*, 8vo, *cloth*, price 9s, for 6s
- *Lays of the Highlands and Islands*, fcap. 8vo, price 3s 1872
- Browne** (Dr Jas.)—*A History of the Scottish Highlands, Highland Clans, and Highland Regiments, with an account of the Gaelic Language, Literature, and Music*, by the Rev. Thos. M'Lauchlin; and an Essay on Highland Scenery, by Professor Wilson. Edited by John S. Keltie. Illustrated with a series of portraits, views, maps, etc., engravings on steel, clan tartans, etc., etc., 2 vols. imp. 8vo, *cl.*, price 40s (published at 56s) 1885
- *History of the Highlands, and Highland Clans, with portraits and other engravings*, 4 vols. in 2, *half-mor.*, 18s 1838
- Buchanan** (D.)—*Spiritual Songs, translated into English Verse*, by L. Macbean, cr. 8vo, *sewed*, price 1s; cloth, 1s 6d
- *Reminiscences of the Life and Labours of Dugald Buchanan, with his Spiritual Songs, and an English Version of them*, by the Rev. A. Sinclair, A.M., cr. 8vo, *cloth*, price 2s 6d
- (W.)—*History of the Ancient Surname of Buchanan, and of Ancient Scottish Surnames, more particularly the Clans*, *hf.-cf.*, *scarce*, price 5s Glasgow, 1795
- Cambreensis** Eversus, edited, with Translation and Notes, by Rev. M. Kelly, Vol. I., 8vo, *cloth*, 5s 1848
- Campbell** (Donald)—*A Treatise on the Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highland Clans, with Illustrative Traditions and Anecdotes, and numerous ancient Highland Airs*, royal 8vo, *cloth, scarce*, 15s 1862
 “This copy has Lord Colin Campbell’s book-plate.”
- (John A.)—*The Royal Families of Scotland, Genealogical Tables*, small 4to, cloth, 2s Glasgow, 1863
- (J. F.)—*Canntaireachd: Articulate Music*, 8vo, *sewed*, 1s
- Carruthers** (R.)—*The Highland Note-book*, 3s 1887
- Chambers** (R.)—*History of the Rebellion of 1745-46*, crown 8vo, price 4s
- *The Thrieplands of Fingask, a Family Memoir*, *half-roan*, price 2s 6d 1880
- *Domestic Annals of Scotland, from the Reformation to the Rebellion of 1745*, abridged edition, illustrated, 4s 1885
- Clouston** (W. A.)—*Popular Tales and Fictions, their Migrations and Transformations*, 2 vols. 8vo, 25s for 18s 1887

Colquhoun (John)—The Moor and the Loch, containing minute instructions in all Highland Sports, new Edition, in 1 vol. 8vo, price 21s for 17s 6d post free	1888
Davies (J.)—The History and Literature of the Stuart Period, cr. 8vo, boards	1871
Disruption Worthies of the Highlands , a Memorial of 1843, 22 Portraits, 4to, cloth, price 10s free by post	1886
Drummond (P. R.)—Perthshire in Bygone Days: 100 Biographical Essays, cr. 8vo, <i>cloth</i> , price 14s for 10s 6d	
Edmonston (Thos.)—Etymological Glossary of the Shetland and Orkney Dialect, with some Derivations of Names of Places in Shetland, 8vo, price 6s	1866
Ewald (A. C.)—The Life and Times of Prince Charles Stuart, cr. 8vo, <i>cloth</i> , price 7s 6d	
Fea (Jas.)—State of Orkney and Shetland, 1775; reprinted 1884, cr. 8vo, <i>cloth</i> , price 7s 6d	
Fraser (John, B.A.)—The Etruscans: Were they Celts? or, the Light of an Inductive Philology thrown on 40 Etruscan Fossil-words preserved to us by ancient authors, 8vo, <i>cloth</i> , price 14s	
Fraser's (Major) Manuscript, His Adventures, Travels, and Quarrels with Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, 1696-1737, edited by Lieut.-Col. A. Fergusson, 2 vols. fcap. 8vo, <i>cloth gilt</i> , price 10s	
	1889
Gomme (G. L.)—Primitive Folk-Moots; or, Open-air Assemblies in Britain, cr. 8vo, <i>cloth</i> , price 12s	
Gorrie (D.)—Summers and Winters in the Orkneys, crown 8vo, <i>half-calf</i> , price 7s 6d	1868
Grants (The) of Glenmoriston, Reminiscences, Historical and Traditional, by the Rev. A. Sinclair, Kinmore, price 5s	1887
Gregory (D.)—The History of the Western Highlands and Isles of Scotland, price 7s 6d	1881
Guthrie (E. J.)—Old Scottish Customs, Local and General, cr. 8vo, <i>cloth</i> , price 3s 6d	
Hewlett (H. G.)—Post Norman Britain, 2s 6d	1885
Higland Monthly (The)—A Magazine which is intended to be a centre of literary brotherhood for Scoto-Celtic people, both at home and abroad, price 6d monthly, by post 7d	
Hogg (James, the Ettrick Shepherd)—A Tour in the Highlands in 1803, a Series of Letters addressed to Sir Walter Scott, 4to, sewed, 2s	1888
Hunter (T.)—Woods, Forests, and Estates of Perthshire, with Sketches of the Principal Families in the County, Illustrated, price, 3s 6d (pub. 12s 6d)	1883
Inverness before Railways , by I. H. Anderson, 3s	1885

- Joyce** (P. W.)—Old Celtic Romances, translated from the Gaelic, er. 8vo, *cloth*, price 7s 6d
- Kennedy** (Rev. Dr John), Life of, by Rev. Alexander Auld, *cloth*, 5s 1887
- Lauder**—Highland Legends, er. 8vo, price 6s
 — Tales of the Highlands, er. 8vo, price 6s
 — The Great Moray Floods of 1829, price 8s 6d
 — The Wolfe of Badenoch, er. 8vo, *cloth*, price 6s
- Logan** (Jas.)—The Scottish Gael; or, Celtic Manners as preserved among the Highlanders; being an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Inhabitants, Antiquities, and National Peculiarities of Scotland. Edited, with Memoir and Notes, by the Rev. Alex. Stewart, “Nether Lochaber,” 2 vols. 8vo, *cloth*, price 14s (published 28s)
- MacColl** (Evan), The English Poetical Works of. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author by A. Mackenzie, F.R.S.A., er. 8vo, *cloth*, 5s 1883
- Macdiarmid** (Angus)—Edinample and Lochearnhead; a Description of the Beauties of. Notes and Illustrations, 8vo, *boards*, price 2s 6d 1875
- Macdonald** (Angus, M.D.)—A Family Memoir of the Macdonalds of Keppoch, edited by C. R. Markham, C.B., with some Notes by the late Charles Edward Stuart, Comte D’Albanie, 8vo, *cloth*, price 7s 6d. Only 150 copies printed.
 — (D. G. F., LL.D.) — The Highland Crofters of Scotland, socially considered with reference to Proprietors and People, 8vo, *sewed*, price 1s 1878
 — (Flora), the Life of, and her Adventures with Prince Charles, by Rev. A. Macgregor, 3s 6d 1882
- Mackenzie** (Alex.)—Historical Tales and Legends of the Highlands, cr. 8vo, *cloth*, price 2s 6d
 — Prophecies of the Brahan Seer (Coinneach odhar Fiosaiche), price 1s 1888
 — History and Genealogy of the Macdonalds of Clanranald, 8vo, *cloth*, price 4s 6d
 — History and Genealogy of the Maedonalds of Glengarry, 8vo, *cloth*, price 4s 6d 1871
 — History of the Camerons, with Genealogies of the Principal Families of the Name, 8vo, *half-roan*, 25s 1884
 — History of the Macleods, with Authentic Accounts and Genealogies of all the Principal Families of the name, 8vo, *half-roan*, 25s 1889
- M’Intyre** (Rev. D.)—Two Essays on the Antiquity of the Gaelic Language, 8vo, *sewed*, price 1s 6d

- Maclagan** (R. C.)—Scottish Myths ; Notes on Scottish History and Tradition, 8vo, *cloth*, price 7s 6d for 5s 1882
- M'Lauchlan** (Rev. Thomas)—Celtic Gleanings, or Notices of the History and Literature of the Scottish Gael, cloth, 2s 6d 1857
- Macleod** (Dr Norman), Memoir of, by his Brother, Rev. D. Macleod, 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, 26s for 12s 1876
- Macpherson** (D.)—Melodies from the Gaelic, and Original Poems, 8vo, *boards*, 5s 1824
- Macrae** (A.)—A Handbook of Deer-Stalking, price 3s 6d
- Mar** (The Earldom of), In Sunshine and in Shade, during five hundred years, with incidental notices of the leading cases of Scottish Dignities from the Reign of King Charles I. till now, by the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, 2 vols. 8vo, 32s for 15s 1882
- Marshall** (W.)—Historic Scenes in Perthshire, small 4to, 10s 6d
- Martin** (Martin)—A Description of the Western Islands of Scotland, *circa* 1695 ; 1884, reprint, 8vo, *cloth*, price 12s 6d
- Masson** (Donald, M.A., M.D.)—Vestigia Celtica : Celtic Footprints in Philology, Ethics, and Religion, price 2s
- Miller** (H.)—Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland ; or, the Traditional History of Cromarty, price 3s 6d
- Monro** (Sir D.)—Description of the Western Isles of Scotland called Hybrides in 1549, with the Genealogies of the Chief Clans of the Isles, 1884, reprint, 8vo, *cloth*, price 5s
- O'Curry** (E.)—Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History, 1861, 20s
- Ossian**—Poems : Essays on the Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, by Rev. P. Graham, with an Essay on the Mythology of Ossian's Poems, by Professor Richardson, 8vo, *half-calf*, price 2s 6d 1807
- Report of the Committee of the Highland Society of Scotland appointed to enquire into the nature and authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, with a copious Appendix by G. H. Mackenzie, 6s 6d 1805
- The Poems of, Morrison's Edition, translated by James Macpherson, elegant engravings by Stothard and Allan, 2 vols. *calf*, 5s Perth, 1795
- Fingal : a Poem in Six Books, translated from the original Gaelic by Mr Macpherson, and rendered into Verse from that translation, 8vo, *calf*, price 2s 6d 1787
- The Poems of, translated by Jas. Macpherson, 1s
- Illustrations from Ossian's Poems, by Paulo Priolo, oblong folio, *cloth*, 42s 1873

Ossian — Smith (John) — Gaelic Antiquities, consisting of a History of the Druids, particularly of those of Caledonia : a Dissertation on the Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, and a collection of Ancient Poems, collected in the West Highlands and Isles in the original Gaelic, 4to, <i>half-calf</i> , 20s	1780
Perthshire (Historic Scenes in), by Rev. Dr W. Marshall, small 4to, cloth, price 10s 6d for 5s	1880
Poetry of Nature , comprising a selection of the most sublime and beautiful Apostrophes, Histories, Songs, Elegies, &c., from the Works of the Caledonian Bards, <i>calf</i> , 4s 6d	1789
Rhys (Prof.) — Celtic Britain, fcap. 8vo, <i>cloth</i> , 2s 6d	1884
— (John) — Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion as illustrated by Celtic Heathendom, 8vo, 10s 6d for 8s 6d	1888
St John (Charles) — Natural History and Sport in Moray, <i>large paper</i> , illustrated, price £2 12s 6d	1882
— The Wild Sports and Natural History of the Scottish Highlands, cr. 8vo, cloth, price 4s	1888
Sands (J.) — Out of the World ; or, Life in St Kilda, <i>illustrated</i> , cr. 8vo, <i>cloth</i> , price 2s 6d	
Saxby (H. L.) — The Birds of Shetland, with Observations on their Habits, &c., <i>cloth</i> , price 16s (published at 21s)	
Scrope (W.) — Days of Deer-Stalking in the Scottish Highlands, <i>illustrated</i> , 8vo, <i>cloth</i> , price 12s 6d	
— Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing, <i>illustrated</i> , 8vo, <i>cloth</i> , price 12s 6d	
Shetland (Three Years in), by Rev. John Russell, 3s	1887
Sikes (Wirt) — British Goblins, Welsh Folk-lore, Fairy Mythology, Legends and Traditions, illustrated, 8vo, 18s for 10s	1880
Simpson (Sir J. Y.) — The Cat Stane, Edinburghshire : Is it not the Tombstone of the Grandfather of Hingist and Horsa, small 4to, cloth, price 2s 6d	Edin., 1862
Sinclair (Alex.) — Statement of the Breadalbane Case, 8vo, <i>sewed</i> , price 6d	
— (Rev. A.) — Reminiscences, Historical and Traditional, of the Grants of Glenmoriston, with Selections in Gaelic from the Songs and Elegies of their Bards, 5s	1887
Skene (W. F.) — Celtic Scotland : a History of Ancient Alban, 3 vols. 8vo, 45s	
Sketches of the Clans of Scotland, with 22 coloured plates of Tartans, 8vo, <i>cloth</i> , price 2s 6d	
Smith (Mrs Fowler) — Journal of the Lady Beatrix Graham, sister of the Marquis of Montrose, price 3s	1875

Smith (W. Anderson)— <i>Loch Creran : Notes from the West Highlands</i> , 8vo, 3s	1887
“This continuation of Natural History Sketches appeals to kindred lovers of Nature, and especially to readers of Benderloch.”— <i>Preface</i> .	
Stewart (Rev. Alex., LL.D.)— <i>Nether Lochaber</i> , cr. 8vo, <i>cloth</i> , price 10s 6d for 8s	1883
— <i>Twixt Ben Nevis and Glencoe : The Natural History, Legends, and Folk-Lore of the West Highlands</i> , cr. 8vo, <i>cloth</i> , price 7s 6d for 6s	1885
— (Major-General D.)— <i>Sketches of the Character, Institutions, and Customs of the Highlanders of Scotland ; with details of the Military Service of the Highland Regiments</i> , 2 vols., boards, price 18s	1822
— <i>Sketches of the Highlanders. New Edition, Inverness</i> , 3s 6d	
Stewarts (The) of Appin, by John H. J. Stewart and Lieut.-Col. Duncan Stewart, late 92nd Highlanders, 4to, <i>cloth</i> , price 42s	
Strickland (Agnes)— <i>Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain</i> , 8 vols., £2 15s	1850
Stuart (John Sobieski)— <i>Lays of the Deer Forest, with Sketches of Deer Hunting, Traditions of the Clans, &c.</i> , 2 vols., 8s	
Tartans of the Clans of Scotland, with portrait of H.R.H. the Duke of Rothesay, 72 patterns, with an Historical Account of the Clan to which it belongs, by James Grant, 4to, price 42s	
Taylor (Rev. Dr J.)— <i>The Great Historic Families of Scotland</i> , 2 vols. 4to, <i>cloth</i> , 35s	1887
Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, vol. 13, price 7s 6d	
— Vol. 14 for 1887-88, 7s 6d (Some of the earlier vols. can be had at 5s each)	
Wallace (Rev. James)— <i>A Description of the Isles of Orkney</i> , edited by John Small, M.A., 8vo, <i>cloth</i> , price 14s	1803
Wallace (Sir William), the Early Days of, by John, Marquis of Bute, small 4to, plates, price 3s	Paisley, 1876

GAELIC BIBLES.

Gaelic Bible , 8vo, Large Type, American cloth, price 4s	
” ” ” roan, gilt edges, price 6s	
” ” ” yellow calf, price 7s 6d	
” ” ” morocco, gilt edges, price 10s 6d	
” Pocket, American cloth, price 1s 6d	
” ” ” roan, gilt edges, price 2s 6d	
” ” ” morocco, gilt edges, price 4s 6d	

A large assortment of Gaelic Bibles, Testaments, and Psalm Books always kept in Stock.

THE SCOTTISH CELTIC REVIEW.

Edited by the late Rev. Dr A. CAMERON, Brodick.

Parts 1 to 4, all published.

Large Paper Edition, Half-Bound in 1 Vol., Top Edge Gilt, Price 10s.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

Introductory Remarks : Place of Celtic in the Indo-European Family of Languages—Tests of Etymological Affinity—Grimm's Law—Illustrations of the Application of Grimm's Law.

Indo-European Roots, with Derivatives and Analysis of some Gaelic Compound Words.

The Laws of Auslaut in Irish. First Part.

Grammatical and Etymological Analysis of Gen. i. 1-8.

Specimen of Old Gaelic : St Patrick's Hymn, with Translation and Analysis of part of Hymn.

West Highland Tale : How the Tuairisgeul Mòr was put to Death, with Translation.

Gaelic Song by John Macdonald (Iain Lom), the Keppoch Bard.

Notes on Gaelic Grammar and Orthography.

Gaelic Air : "Coire-a'-Cheathaich," or "The Corrie of the Mist."

PART II.

The Laws of Auslaut in Irish.

Gaelic and English ; or, the Etymology of the Celtic and Teutonic Languages.

The Muileartach, a West Highland Tale, with Translation by Rev. John G. Campbell, Tiree.

Note on Tuairisgeul Mòr, by Mr Alfred Nutt.

Miann a' Bhàird Aosda (the Aged Bard's Wish), with Translation by Rev. Hugh M'Millan, LL.D., D.D.

Notes on Gaelic Grammar and Orthography.

Cumha Mhic-Criomthain (Macrimmon's Lament), &c.

Music of Macrimmon's Lament.

PART III.

Eas-Ruadh ; an Ossianic Ballad, with Modern Version and Translation.

West Highland Tale : How Finn went to the Kingdom of the Big Mer, with Translation by Rev. John Campbell, Tiree.

The Laws of Auslaut in Irish, by Professor Windisch ; Translated from the German.

Gaelic and English ; or, the Affinity of the Celtic and Teutonic Languages.

THE SCOTTISH CELTIC REVIEW—*continued.*

CONTENTS—PART III.—*continued.*

- Modern Gaelic Poem : *Coir'-a'-Cheathaich* ; or the Corrie of the Mist,
with Translation.
Comparative Grammar : The Gaelic Numerals.
Studies in Gaelic Grammar : (1) The Particle “ann.”
Gaelic Song : “Faillirin Illirin,” by Ewan MacLachlan, Aberdeen.
Old Melody to which “Faillirin Illirin” is sung.

PART IV.

- The Lay of the Muireartach, with Translation.
West Highland Tale : M'Phie's Black Dog, with Introduction and
Translation by Rev. J. G. Campbell, Tiree.
Gaelic Orthography—Common Mistakes.
Studies in Gaelic Grammar : (1) The Particle “ann.”
Analysis of St Patrick's Hymn.
The Laws of Auslaut in Irish, by Professor Windisch ; Translated from
the German.
Notes on Gaelic Grammar and Orthography.
Mac-Griogair á Ruaro (Macgrigor of Roro), with Translation by Principal
Shairp.
Music of Macgregor's Lament.

THE HIGHLAND MONTHLY

A Magazine which is intended to be a centre of literary brotherhood for
Scoto-Celtic people both at home and abroad.

*Terms :—Price 6s. per Annum, 7s. by Post; South Africa, India, and
China, 9s.; Australia and New Zealand, 10s.*

IT might be thought that the failure of previous ventures in the way of Highland Magazines should have deterred anyone from starting another periodical which may in the course of a few years be gathered to its predecessors; but the promoters feel confident that there is an ample constituency for a good Magazine, conducted on both popular and scientific lines, free from party-political spirit, and carried on with energy and skill in its business department.

The new Magazine will be of the ordinary octavo size, starting with 64 pages, and its price, as mentioned above, is to be sixpence. Its main object will be to deal with the life, language, literature, history, and folklore of the Highlands, and some pages of each number will be devoted to Gaelic. The Magazine will also contain articles on subjects of general interest, not confined to the Highlands, and a SERIAL STORY will be commenced in the first number. Thus an attempt will be made to interest all classes of readers.



